

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1881.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1853.

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BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, will OPEN on MONDAY the 7th of February, and will continue OPEN DAILY from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

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LEWIS POCOCK, } Secretaries.

44, West Strand, 4th Feb., 1853.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The next Ordinary Meeting of this Society will be held at the Society of Arts on the 11th Thursday in March, at 8 p.m. Persons wishing to be proposed as Members of this Society, or to send Communications, should communicate with the Secretary, ROGER FENTON, Esq., 2, Albert Terrace, Albert Road, Regent's Park. Ladies may become Members of this Society.

PATRON—H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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WE had occasion a fortnight since to regret that the authoress of 'Mary Barton' should peril her reputation by publishing a novel so thoroughly commonplace as 'Ruth,' and we confess to taking up 'Villette' with some apprehension that it might afford us a similar cause of regret. 'Shirley' had not sustained its author's fame, and it would have grieved us to find that she had a second time fallen short of the standard of 'Jane Eyre.' But the perusal of a few chapters sufficed to dispel the apprehension, and we laid down the book with the conviction that the warmest admirers of 'Jane Eyre,'—in which class we rank ourselves—will find in it a most satisfactory confirmation of Currer Bell's genius. This book would have made her famous, had she not been so already. It retrieves all the ground she lost in 'Shirley,' and it will engage a wider circle of admirers than 'Jane Eyre,' for it has all the best qualities of that remarkable book, untarnished, or but slightly so, by its defects.

There is throughout a charm of freshness which is infinitely delightful—freshness in observation, freshness in feeling, freshness in expression. The thoughts are the writer's own thoughts,—the words fit the very sentiment to be expressed with a nicety and a force which at once delight and surprise. The characters are types of classes; but each so thoroughly individualised, that the reader sees them, and enters into their peculiarities as if actually in contact with them. We are never dragged, as in most novels, over old ground. The incidents may not be very striking, nor the plot very cunningly masked, but neither are hackneyed, and we are too much engaged with the mental history of the various actors to feel any deficiency on this score. Brain and heart are both held in suspense by the fascinating power of the writer; and when we lay down the book we feel that we have derived from it a large addition to the stock of persons and images which are henceforth to be permanently remembered.

The form of the story, as in 'Jane Eyre,' is autobiographical,—a certain Lucy Snowe being the narrator. It will, no doubt, be urged as an objection, that the two ladies bear too strong a resemblance to each other; and undoubtedly there is some truth in the objection, but not so much as to make it serious. The elements of the characters are the same—great sensibility, great natural lovingness, and great independence, subdued by misfortune, and constrained to the severest self-control by the necessity of circumstances. Both are void of personal attractions, both subject to the emotions of love in an unusual degree, and both attract and are attracted by ugly men, through the influence of nearly the same qualities. Here, however, the resemblance ceases, and the circumstances into which Lucy Snowe is thrown are so entirely different from those of Jane Eyre; and the man she loves—M. Paul Emanuel, Professor of Literature—so unlike Mr. Rochester, that the common points of resemblance do not press unpleasantly upon the reader. The developments of character are different, although the elements may be the same, and the charm of variety and truth to nature soon banishes all thought of critical comparison.

It is not in the story, as we have already indicated, that the strength of this book lies. The experiences of a friendless girl as governess in a boarding-house at Brussels, which is obviously the 'Villette' of the book, afford no great scope for exciting incident; but they furnish full play for that masterly delineation of character and analysis of emotion in which the writer excels. The characters are not numerous, but they are all new. The mistress of the boarding-house, Madame Beck,—with her catlike tread, her ever-wakeful eye, her composure, which no crisis can ruffle—is such a creation as only the hand of original genius could successfully portray. All the nice shades which secure respect, and almost liking, amidst so much to excite aversion, are touched by the delicacy of an observer whose eye and pencil no characteristic can escape. Nothing is in excess, and that fine proportion is maintained throughout, which is the surest evidence that something more than talent has worked upon the picture. These qualities are indeed conspicuous through all the characters. They are all of that mingled yarn which life presents—none all good, none all bad—and we therefore take them into our acquaintance as if we had known them. The impression left upon the mind by the heroine herself is precisely of this description. To few will she appear, on first acquaintance, lovable. There is a hardness and cold self-possession upon the surface of her character, somewhat repelling; and it is only when you see, by degrees, into its depths, when she flashes upon you revelations of emotion and suffering akin to the deepest you have yourself experienced, and when you feel what a glow of tenderness and loving-kindness is burning under the unattractive and frigid exterior, that you admit her into your heart. But when you do see these things, and can estimate the severity of the trial which she undergoes and overcomes, your respect and your affection are both at her disposal, though you may feel no desire to dispute with M. Paul Emanuel the possession of such a mistress. It is with the same sort of judgment that we regard all the other characters, thinking of them as real people, whom we have known, nor can we better express our admiration of the novelist's genius than by this admission. When she wearies, if she wearies at all, for a more deliberate perusal may suggest different considerations, it is in carrying her analysis of character upon occasion somewhat too far, and in dwelling too long upon the not peculiarly attractive qualities of M. Paul Emanuel, as displayed in his prelections at Madame Beck's seminary and elsewhere. These qualities in particular are dwelt upon with a lover's fondness, which, as such fondness will, rather tires those who do not partake it. Still the authoress may contend, and with some show of reason, that this detail is needful to give full effect to the good qualities of M. Emanuel, with which his fierce and domineering temper contrasts, and to make the reader accept him more cordially at the last. However this may be, cordially we do accept him, and it is, therefore, with a spirit for which we scarcely can forgive the authoress that we are left in doubt whether he returns in safety from Guadeloupe, to share with his demure fiery-souled bride in that charming house on the boulevard, to which we are introduced, and which was so daintily furnished by his thoughtful love.

This book is one to which we are disposed

so heartily to recommend our readers, that it is of less moment, perhaps, we should illustrate our opinion by extracts. Indeed no extracts could give an adequate idea of its excellence. It must be read continuously,—we had almost said, studied, before its finest qualities can be appreciated. Premising this, we select a few passages, which may with least injury be detached from the context.

The interest of the story is divided between Lucy Snowe and Paulina Mary Home, an altogether charming creature, on whose portrait the authoress has worked with a loving elaboration. We are introduced to her as a child in the early part of the book, and she disappears, to our chagrin, not to return till the middle of the second volume, when the singular child reappears a fascinating woman, with all her child's heart and originality. But we have only room to dwell upon the portraiture of the child, which has all the delicacy and fine observation of Dickens, with none of the exaggeration, or display of unnatural precocity, which mars even his best pictures of childhood. It is thus she is introduced, having arrived by coach at the house of Mrs. Bretton, where Lucy is living:—

"Put me down, please," said a small voice, when Warren opened the drawing-room door, "and take off this shawl," continued the speaker, extracting with its minute hand the pin, and with a sort of fastidious haste doffing the clumsy wrapping. The creature which now appeared made a deft attempt to fold the shawl; but the drapery was much too heavy and large to be sustained or wielded by those hands and arms. "Give it to Harriet, please," was then the direction, "and she can put it away." This said, it turned and fixed its eyes on Mrs. Bretton.

"Come here, little dear," said that lady. "Come and let me see if you are cold and damp: come and let me warm you at the fire."

"The child advanced promptly. Relieved of her wrapping, she appeared exceedingly tiny; but was a neat, completely-fashioned little figure, light, slight, and straight. Seated on my godmother's ample lap, she looked a mere doll; her neck delicate as wax, her head of silky curls, increased, I thought, the resemblance."

"Mrs. Bretton talked in little fond phrases as she chafed the child's hands, arms, and feet; first she was considered with a wistful gaze, but soon a smile answered her."

She is put to bed in the same room with Lucy Snowe.

"On awaking with daylight, a trickling of water caught my ear. Behold! there she was risen and mounted on a stool near the wash-stand, with pains and difficulty inclining the ewer (which she could not lift) so as to pour its contents into the basin. It was curious to watch her as she washed and dressed, so small, busy, and noiseless. Evidently she was little accustomed to perform her own toilet; and the buttons, strings, hooks and eyes, offered difficulties which she encountered with a perseverance good to witness. She folded her night-dress, she smoothed the drapery of her couch quite neatly; withdrawing into a corner, where the sweep of the white curtain concealed her, she became still. I half rose, and advanced my head to see how she was occupied. On her knees, with her forehead bent on her hands, I perceived that she was praying."

The child is pining for her father, and will not take kindly to any of the inmates of Mrs. Bretton's house, until the arrival of her son. This youth arrives while the child's father is there on a hurried visit:—

"He and Mr. Home met as old acquaintance; of the little girl he took no notice for a time."

"His meal over, and numerous questions from his mother answered, he turned from the table to

the hearth. Opposite where he had placed himself was seated Mr. Home, and at his elbow, the child. When I say *child*, I use an inappropriate and un-descriptive term—a term suggesting any picture rather than that of the demure little person in a mourning frock and white chemisette, that might just have fitted a good-sized doll—perched now on a high chair beside a stand, whereon was her toy work-box of white varnished wood, and holding in her hands a shred of a handkerchief, which she was professing to hem, and at which she bored perseveringly with a needle, that in her fingers seemed almost a skewer, pricking herself ever and anon, marking the cambric with a track of minute red dots; occasionally starting when the perverse weapon—swerving from her control—inflicted a deeper stab than usual; but still silent, diligent, absorbed, womanly.

"Graham was at that time a handsome, faithless-looking youth of sixteen. I say faithless-looking, not because he was really of a very perfidious disposition, but because the epithet strikes me as proper to describe the fair, Celtic (not Saxon) character of his good looks; his waved light auburn hair, his supple symmetry, his smile frequent, and destitute neither of fascination nor of subtlety (in no bad sense). A spoiled whimsical boy he was in those days.

"Mother," he said, after eyeing the little figure before him in silence for some time, and when the temporary absence of Mr. Home from the room relieved him from the half-laughing bashfulness, which was all he knew of timidity,—*"Mother, I see a young lady in the present society to whom I have not been introduced."*

"Mr. Home's little girl, I suppose you mean," said his mother.

"Indeed, ma'am," replied her son, "I consider your expression of the least ceremonious: Miss Home I should certainly have said, in venturing to speak of the gentlewoman to whom I allude."

"Now, Graham, I will not have that child teased. Don't flatter yourself that I shall suffer you to make her your butt."

"Miss Home," pursued Graham, undeterred by his mother's remonstrance, "might I have the honour to introduce myself, since no one else seems willing to render you and me that service? Your slave, John Graham Bretton."

"She looked at him; he rose and bowed quite gravely. She deliberately put down thimble, scissors, work; descended with precaution from her perch, and curtsying with unspeakable seriousness, said, 'How do you do?'"

"I have the honour to be in fair health, only in some measure fatigued with a hurried journey. I hope, ma'am, I see you well."

"Tor-re-er-ly well," was the ambitious reply of the little woman; and she now essayed to regain her former elevation, but finding this could not be done without some climbing and straining—a sacrifice of decorum not to be thought of—and being utterly disdainful of aid in the presence of a strange young gentleman, she relinquished the high chair for a low stool; towards that low stool Graham drew in his chair.

"I hope, ma'am, the present residence, my mother's house, appears to you a convenient place of abode?"

"Not par-tic-er-er-ly: I want to go home."

"A natural and laudable desire, ma'am; but one which, notwithstanding, I shall do my best to oppose. I reckon on being able to get out of you a little of that precious commodity called amusement, which mama and Mistress Snowe there fail to yield me."

"I shall have to go with papa soon: I shall not stay long at your mother's."

"Yes, yes; you will stay with me I am sure. I have a pony on which you shall ride, and no end of books with pictures to show you."

"Are you going to live here now?"

"I am. Does that please you? Do you like me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I think you queer."

"My face, ma'am?"

"Your face and all about you. You have long red hair."

"Auburn hair, if you please: mama calls it auburn, or golden, and so do all her friends. But even with my 'long red hair,' (and he waved his mane with a sort of triumph—tawny he himself well knew that it was, and he was proud of the leonine hue), 'I cannot possibly be queerer than is your ladyship.'

"You call me queer?"

"Certainly."

"(After a pause) 'I think I shall go to bed.'

"A little thing like you ought to have been in bed many hours since; but you probably sat up in the expectation of seeing me?"

"No, indeed."

"You certainly wished to enjoy the pleasure of my society. You knew I was coming home, and would wait to have a look at me."

"I sat up for papa, and not for you."

"Very good, Miss Home. I am going to be a favourite: preferred before papa, soon, I dare say."

"She wished Mrs. Bretton and myself good night; she seemed hesitating whether Graham's deserts entitled him to the same attention, when he caught her up with one hand, and with that one hand held her poised aloft above his head. She saw herself thus lifted up on high, in the glass over the fireplace. The suddenness, the freedom, the disrespect of the action were too much.

"For shame, Mr. Graham!" was her indignant cry, 'put me down!'—and when again on her feet, 'I wonder what you would think of me if I were to treat you in that way, lifting you with my hand,' (raising that mighty member) 'as Warren lifts the little cat?'"

"So saying, she departed."

Nothing in their way can be more graphic than the passages where the growing attachment of Paulina to young Graham is described. Take, for example, the following:—

"On the third evening [after Mr. Home went away] as she sat on the floor, worn and quiet, Graham, coming in, took her up gently, without a word. She did not resist: she rather nestled in his arms, as if weary. When he sat down she laid her head against him; in a few minutes she slept; he carried her up stairs to bed. I was not surprised that the next morning, the first thing she demanded was, 'Where is Mr. Graham?'"

"It happened that Graham was not coming to the breakfast-table; he had some exercises to write for that morning's class, and had requested his mother to send a cup of tea into the study. Polly volunteered to carry it: she must be busy about something, look after somebody. The cup was entrusted to her: for, if restless, she was also careful. As the study was opposite the breakfast-room, the doors facing across the passage, my eye followed her.

"What are you doing?" she asked, pausing on the threshold.

"Writing," said Graham.

"Why don't you come to take breakfast with your mama?"

"Too busy."

"Do you want any breakfast?"

"Of course."

"There, then."

"And she deposited the cup on the carpet, like a jailer putting a prisoner's pitcher of water through his cell-door, and retreated. Presently she returned.

"What will you have besides tea—what to eat?"

"Anything good. Bring me something particularly nice; that's a kind little woman."

"She came back to Mrs. Bretton.

"Please, ma'am, send your boy something good."

"You shall choose for him, Polly; what shall my boy have?"

"She selected a portion of whatever was best on the table, and, ere long, came back with a whis-

pered request for some marmalade, which was not there. Having got it, however (for Mrs. Bretton refused the pair nothing), Graham was shortly after heard landing her to the skies; promising that, when he had a house of his own, she should be his housekeeper, and perhaps—if she showed any culinary genius—his cook; and, as she did not return, and I went to look after her, I found Graham and her breakfasting *tête-à-tête*—she standing at his elbow, and sharing his fare: excepting the marmalade, which she deliberately refused to touch; lest, I suppose, it should appear that she had procured it as much on her own account as his. She constantly evinced these nice perceptions and delicate instincts."

There are many more sketches of the little Paulina, all equally true and lifelike, for which we must refer to the book. She is thoroughly a child, and not a trait is set down which will not be universally felt to be natural. Of how few delineations of childhood can this be said?

From an episodic story of a Mrs. Marchmont, with whom Lucy Snowe goes to live as a companion, we extract the following powerful picture of a tale often told:—

"My dear girl," she said, "one happy Christmas Eve I dressed and decorated myself, expecting my lover, very soon to be my husband, would come that night to visit me. I sat down to wait. Once more I see that moment—I see the snow-twilight stealing through the window over which the curtain was not dropped, for I designed to watch him ride up the white walk; I see and feel the soft firelight warming me, playing on my silk dress, and fitfully showing me my own young figure in a glass. I see the moon of a calm winter night, float full, clear, and cold, over the inky mass of shrubbery, and the silvered turf of my grounds. I wait, with some impatience in my pulse, but no doubt in my breast. The flames had died in the fire, but it was a bright mass yet; the moon was mounting high, but she was still visible from the lattice; the clock neared ten; he rarely tarried later than this, but once or twice he had been delayed so long.

"Would he for once fail me?—No, not even for once; and now he was coming—and coming fast—to atone for lost time. 'Frank! you furious rider,' I said inwardly, listening gladly, yet anxiously, to his approaching gallop, 'you shall be rebuked for this: I will tell you it is my neck you are putting in peril; for whatever is yours is, in a dearer and tenderer sense, mine.' There he was: I saw him; but I think tears were in my eyes my sight was so confused. I saw the horse; I heard it stamp—I saw at least a mass: I heard a clamour. Was it a horse? or what heavy, dragging thing was it, crossing, strangely dark, the lawn? How could I name that thing in the moonlight before me? or how could I utter the feeling which rose in my soul?"

"I could only run out. A great animal—truly, Frank's black horse—stood trembling, panting, snorting before the door; a man held it: Frank, as I thought.

"What is the matter?" I demanded. Thomas, my own servant, answered by saying sharply, 'Go into the house, madam.' And then calling to another servant, who came hurrying from the kitchen as if summoned by some instinct, 'Ruth, take missis into the house directly.' But I was kneeling down on the snow, beside something that lay there—something that I had seen dragged along the ground—something that sighed, that groaned on my breast, as I lifted and drew it to me. He was not dead; he was not quite unconscious. I had him carried in; I refused to be ordered about and thrust from him. I was quite collected enough, not only to be my own mistress, but the mistress of others. They had begun by trying to treat me like a child, as they always do with people struck by God's hand; but I gave place to none except the surgeon; and when he had done what he could, I took my dying Frank to myself. He had strength to fold me in his arms; he had power to speak my name; he heard me as I prayed over him very

softly; he felt me, as I tenderly and fondly comforted him.

"'Maria,' he said, 'I am dying in Paradise.' He spent his last breath in faithful words for me. When the dawn of Christmas morning broke, my Frank was with God."

Currier Bell has lost none of that power of vividly describing natural objects and phenomena which distinguished Jane Eyre. With a few masterly touches, she can place a landscape living before you. How the whole aspect of a winter day is painted in the following lines:—

"Egress seemed next to impossible; the drift darkened the lower panes of the casement; and, on looking out, one saw the sky and air vexed and dim, the wind and snow in angry conflict. There was no fall now, but what had already descended was torn up from the earth, whirled round by brief shrieking gusts, and cast into a hundred fantastic forms."

Of description this authoress is wisely sparing, but we never read one of her descriptions that we do not long for more. This book contains a few that are as good as Turner's to the mind's eye.

It would be easy to point out defects in the book, as, for example, the introduction of a phantom nun, who turns out to be a phantom of the Fitz-fulke kind, of some other improbable incident. The feelings of her heroine are also at times strained to an unnecessary pitch, and needless pain is inflicted by the uncertainty in which we are left as to M. Emanuel's death at the close.

Some traces, too, of the coarseness which occasionally disfigured Currier Bell's former books still remain; but, viewed as a whole, there is so obvious an advance in refinement without loss of power, that it would be invidious to qualify the admiration with which Vilette has inspired us by dwelling upon minor faults.

Lives and Letters of the Devereux, Earls of Essex, in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., 1540—1646. By the Hon. Walter Bourchier Devereux, Captain in the Royal Navy. Murray.

CAPTAIN DEVEREUX informs us in his preface, that he has been led to undertake the present work in consequence of the inaction to which an officer in the higher ranks of the navy is so often condemned for want of employment, and which obliges him to seek for other than his professional occupation. His leisure has been well employed, and its fruits appear in two volumes of considerable interest and value. But this value chiefly arises from the original letters now printed for the first time; and the praise due to Capt. Devereux cannot be extended much beyond that to which he is entitled (although this is considerable), for his diligence and research in the collection of this important mass of correspondence. He has a family interest in his subject, and his work has evidently been a labour of love; but he is unskilled in arrangement. His introductory and connecting narratives are too abrupt and fragmentary, sometimes leaving passages in the letters insufficiently explained, and at others becoming needlessly diffuse on well-known topics. The book is in consequence far less "readable" than it might have been made in the hands of a more practised author, —but as a collection of materials for history it deserves to rank high. Captain Devereux has made careful research in the State Paper Office, and the British Museum, Lambeth Palace, Chapter House, and Bodleian Libraries; and has also obtained the privilege of

publishing many letters of great value, and inaccessible to the public, from the libraries of the Marchioness of Bath, the Earl of Ashburnham, Lord Bagot, and William Hulton, Esq. They will be found to contain much that is curiously illustrative both of the personal histories of the three remarkable men by whom they were written, or to whom they relate, and also of the secret history of their times. These three Earls of Essex were men of a "mark and likelihood" well deserving such further illustrations of their lives as could be obtained by the researches of their zealous biographer. It has probably rarely happened that three generations in a family have filled such prominent places in camp and council as did the father, son, and grandson whose stories are told in these volumes. The second Earl fills the largest place in history, and from the romance attaching to his well-known story, and the variety and adventure of his strange career, it was to be expected that we should find his life occupying, as it does, by far the largest space in the work of any of the three. Yet we have read the much less-known history of Walter Devereux, the first Earl, as illustrated by the letters now published, with an interest scarcely inferior to that excited by his more brilliant son. But little has been known of this nobleman except that he served in Ireland with indifferent success, and died early—a death hastened, it was supposed, by his failure there. The history, not very eventful, and briefly told, is however well worth studying for the picture which Essex's letters present of a noble and thoroughly loyal and devoted subject of an avaricious and ungrateful Queen, in whose service he sacrificed his fortune and life.

Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, was son of Sir Richard Devereux, a descendant of an old Norman family, and heir to the viscounty of Hereford, to which title Walter succeeded in 1558, being then of the age of eighteen (his father having died in the previous year). He married in early life Lettice Knollys, a connexion of Queen Elizabeth, and who in after years became Countess of Leicester. The earlier years of his life were uneventful, but he did the Queen good service in the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and was then created Earl of Essex. This gained him the Queen's favour, and also brought upon him the jealousy and machinations of those rivals, who plotted and hastened his ruin:—

"Having experienced the Queen's favour, the new-made Earl began before long to feel the jealousy of those who desired a monopoly of her smiles and gifts, and were ready to unite for the removal of this new, and apparently dangerous competitor. Leicester, indeed, is said to have had another reason for desiring the absence of Essex. In the words of Fuller, 'he loved the Earl's nearest relation better than the Earl himself.' The enemies of Leicester always criminated his friends and connexions, hoping through them to wound him; Lady Essex, having after her husband's death married the Earl of Leicester, has most unscrupulously been accused of an intrigue with him during her first husband's life; there is not only no proof against her, but a very strong presumption in favour of her innocence, which we will not now stop to discuss.

"Essex, naturally indisposed to idleness, and stimulated by his newly acquired honours, was easily persuaded that in Ireland there lay a field for service, in which he might not only prove his gratitude for the favours already bestowed on him by the Queen, but likewise reap a large harvest of honour and distinction by subduing the turbulent and rebellious inhabitants of Ulster, and forming

them into a peaceful and loyal population. Open, honest, and unsuspecting, he saw not the pitfall laid for him in this insidious advice, but offered his services.

"The province of Ulster had lately been ravaged by Brian Mac Phelim, and the town of Knockfergus burnt, which was the immediate cause of the proposed expedition.

"In the spring of 1573, Essex made a formal offer of his services to the Queen. The paper, with Lord Burghley's autograph notes in the margin, is in the State Paper Office, as well as the agreement which was concluded on the 8th July, by which the Queen granted to the Earl the moiety of the country of Clandeboy, in consideration of the surrender of his title to 800 marks land which he claimed under the will of the Earl of March. He was to set out before Michaelmas, with 200 horse and 400 foot, which numbers he was to maintain at his own cost for two years, the Queen keeping an equal number: after two years he was to maintain the same number as the Queen, not to exceed 600. All fortifications to be at equal charge between them. The Earl was to have timber out of Killulto Woods, was to pay no customs, and have free transport of arms, money, and all necessaries for seven years.

"Old Fuller might well exclaim, 'to maintain an army, though a very little one, is a Sovereign's and no subject's work, too heavy for the support of any private man's estate; which cost this Earl first the mortgaging, then the selling outright, his fair inheritance in Essex.'

"The most remarkable part of the transaction is yet to be related. Not possessing funds sufficient for the large expenses preliminary to so great an undertaking, it became necessary for Essex to borrow 10,000*l.*, and who should be the money-lender but the Queen herself! A real Jew's bargain was made for her; ten per cent. interest, with forfeiture for non-punctuality of payment; while he was to be at equal charge with her in building fortifications and garrisons, from which he would certainly not reap equal advantage; and, after all, we shall find her suffering him to be thwarted by every underling who desired to gain favour with the Leicester faction."

The expedition sailed for Ireland on 16th August, 1573, and some interesting letters are given, detailing the mode in which warfare was carried on in those days by the Irish. Captain Devereux says truly of the Earl's letters, that they—

"Afford a lively picture of the state of the sister isle and the condition of its inhabitants in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and, among other things, it is curious to observe that the mode of warfare by which he intended to subdue Ulster, 'cutting passes so wide as ten horsemen might ride abreast in the narrowest way,' was identical with that lately proposed by the great military authority of this age as the most effectual method of conquering the Kaffirs."

The Earl gained several advantages over the Irish rebels, but encountered from the first very serious obstacles, arising chiefly from the ill-will and jealousy of Sir William Fitzwilliam, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, by which, and the vacillating conduct of the Queen and her advisers, he was so thwarted that ultimately, in March 1575, he writes to the Queen that her "charge is utterly lost, since the enterprise is dissolved;" concluding thus:—

"—And being now altogether private, I do desire your Majesty's good license so to live in a corner of Ulster, which I hire for my money; where though I may seem to pass my time somewhat obscurely, a life, my case considered, fittest for me, yet shall it not be without some stay in these parts, and comfort to such as hoped to be rid from the tyranny of rebels. And so praying for your Majesty's happy reign, with a long healthful life, I humbly end at Dublin this last of March, 1575.

"Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"W. ESSEX."

The Queen addresses a most gracious reply to him, and appears to encourage him in his labours for the settlement of Ulster, but she soon abandoned any further prosecution of that enterprise, as was announced to the Earl on the 22nd May, 1575. Capt. Devereux says, on the occasion of Essex's return to England, a few months afterwards,—

"The Earl's service in Ireland was now virtually at an end, and we may briefly review its results. He had expended, in addition to his debt to the Queen of 10,000*l.*, not less than 25,000*l.*, in return for which he received a grant of the barony of Farney and the honorary distinction of Earl Marshal of Ireland, poor repayment for the sacrifice of youth, health, and fortune. It appears that, notwithstanding all the brave words and flattering expressions of regard lavished on him by his royal mistress, she never fully appreciated his dignified, firm, generous, and gentle character. In a public view his expedition was of very slight use: he had checked the rebellious chieftains of Ulster, and guarded the borders of the English Pale from their ravages; but no sooner had he gained an advantage which promised, if followed up, to be of permanent utility, than he was thrown back by some counter orders from home. An unseen but evil influence was ever at hand to thwart his best attempts; and although he left Ulster quiet, no sooner had he departed than rebellion broke out again."

In the year 1576 he obtained a patent of the office of Earl Marshal of Ireland for life, and returned to Dublin, where he was attacked by a dysentery, which carried him off on the 22nd September, 1576.

On his death-bed he wrote what Captain Devereux justly calls a beautiful and affecting letter to the Queen. All his letters, we may add, are in a manly and soldier-like style, very different from the flights with which the second Earl addresses his royal mistress. He says:—

"The time is now come, my most gracious Sovereign, by fraying of my fatal and deadly infirmity, that I should think only upon my Saviour, and things tending to heavenly immortality; yet while we remain in this corruptible flesh, the world requireth many Christian duties, whereof some, even in the pangs of death, I do now most humbly offer unto your highness. My estate of life, which in my conscience, cannot be prolonged until the sun rise again, hath made me dedicate myself only to God, and generally to forgive and ask forgiveness of the world; but most specially, of all creatures, to ask pardon of your Majesty for all offences that you have taken against me, not only for my last letters, wherewith I hear your Majesty was much grieved, but also with all other actions of mine that have been offensively conceived by your Majesty. My hard estate, most gracious Sovereign, having by great attempts long ebbed, even almost to the low water mark, made me hope much of the flood of your abundance; which, when I saw were not in mine own opinion more plentifully poured upon me, drave me to that which I dare not call plainness, but, as a matter offering offence, do condemn it for error; yet pardonable, Madame, because I justify not my doings, but humbly ask forgiveness even at such a time as I can offend no more. My humble suit must yet extend itself further into many branches, for the behoof of my poor children, that since God doth now make them fatherless, yet it would please your Majesty to be as a mother unto them, at least by your gracious countenance and care of their education and matches."

"The Lord God prosper your Majesty, send you long and happy reign. And so I commit you humbly to him, and my poor children to you. At your castle of Dublin, the 20th day of Sept., 1576."

We conclude our notice of this single-minded and loyal nobleman with the following quaint extract from the funeral sermon preached on him by the Bishop of Saint David's:—

"Although he was by inheritance of noble blood, he gave himself up to win the nobility that springeth from the very originals of the same. He had diligently travelled in the Scriptures. There were very few noblemen in England more expert in chronicles, histories, genealogies, pedigrees. He excelled in describing and blazoning of arms. He was by nature the son of Mars; for prowess, magnanimity, and high courage, to be compared to the old Roman captains. He could not be turned from the executing of justice. He was to the proud and arrogant a lion, to the meek and humble a lamb. There be some that count themselves worthy honour and estimation when they tear God in pieces with chafing and horrible oaths, which this noble Earl detested and abhorred, as a matter not only indecent but repugnant to the nature of true nobility, attributing due reverence to the name of the Lord."

The second Earl, a boy of nine years old at the time of his father's death, appeared first at court in 1584, and soon stood high in royal favour. Early distinguished by chivalrous valour and love of adventure, he served under the Earl of Leicester, in Holland, and was appointed General of the Horse when the invasion of the Spanish Armada was expected. Soon afterwards he made an escapade from court to join the expedition under Sir John Norreys and Sir Francis Drake, in aid of Don Antonio, of Portugal, against Spain, an event "which, showing how infinitely a romantic spirit of knight-errantry surpassed all other passions in his breast, aroused Elizabeth's anger and jealousy." His peace, however, was soon made, for he was by this time too firmly established as a favourite to fear any long disgrace for such a cause; nor even for his marriage shortly afterwards with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. Again in 1590 his adventurous spirit was excited by an expedition sent to France to assist Henry the Fourth against the League, which he obtained permission from his reluctant mistress to join. His letters referring to his service in France are numerous and interesting, but we have no room to quote from them. He served with great gallantry, but was ordered home in January, 1592, the Queen apparently being unable to live longer without him, and in an unfortunate hour deserted war for statesmanship, a pursuit in which his open, rash, and imperious disposition ill-fitted him to cope with his rival Cecyll, and in which he ultimately found his ruin.

In the year 1595, an invasion by Spain being then apprehended, Essex drew up a memorial to the Queen on the subject of the national defences, which, at this time, may be of interest. He says:—

"The enemy's likeliest designs were, by Scotland, because they had there ports for their shipping; by Ireland, because they had already part of that country in rebellion; by the river Severn, which their small ships might enter, while they had Milford Haven for their large ships; by the south and west parts of England, where by seizing and fortifying some port, they might command the narrow seas."

"For defence, in the case of invasion by Scotland, Berwick and Carlisle ought to be fortified, the forces of the northern counties to make head towards the borders, and rendezvous at Newcastle; to be supported by those of Nottingham, Lincoln, and the south of Yorkshire, to rendezvous at York. In case of an attack on Ireland, supplies of men, money, victuals, and ammunition must be sent over, for they lacked all, and the best havens should be made defensible. For the defence of the Severn, Milford Haven ought to be fortified in three places, which we would show her Majesty on the chart, some fortress on the Severn made, and Bristol strengthened; never having been there, he could not designate the place; but if it pleased the

Queen, he would go down and examine the country for that purpose. All the forces of Wales should be ready to concentrate, and to be supported by those of Hereford, Gloucester, Salop, Derby, and Stafford. Against invasion by the south or west, Plymouth being the key of that country, must be well garrisoned, and its fortifications finished, Falmouth, Dartmouth, and Portland, being good ports, ought to be strengthened. The forces of Devon and Cornwall to be under one head, and supported by those of Somerset, Dorset, and Wiltshires. Hampshire to garrison Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Sussex, Kent, Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, to guard their own coasts, and all the other counties to form an army to guard her Majesty's person, and act in any direction required."

The year 1596 was remarkable for the celebrated Cadiz expedition, in which Essex obtained with great difficulty the permission of his mistress to take part. She writes to him:—

"I make this humble bill of requests to Him that all makes and does, that with his benign hand He will shadow you so, as all harm may light beside you, and all that may be best hap to your share; that your return may make you better, and me gladder. Let your companion, my most faithful Charles, be sure that his name is not left out in this petition. God bless you both, as I would be if I were there, which, whether I wish or not, he alone doth know."

The chapter giving an account of this expedition is one of the most interesting in the book. The details are given with much spirit and effect, and with greater skill in narrative than Captain Devereux generally manifests. Essex deservedly earned great glory in the brilliant attack on Cadiz, and on his return to England he added the highest popular reputation and affection to the royal favour which he already enjoyed. Here began the causes of his downfall. "Queen Elizabeth," as our author says, "could not bear that the man whom she had raised to the position of her favourite, should be also the idol of the army and of the people; still less that he should undisguisedly take pleasure in being so." We must pass hastily over his services in command of the expedition fitted out against Spain in 1597, extracting merely one of his letters to the Queen whilst in progress towards Plymouth, to join the fleet, as a specimen of the usual strain in which the young favourite addressed his aged mistress:—

"Your spirit I do invoke, my most dear and most admired Sovereign, to assist me, that I may express that humblest and most due thankfulness, and that high and true joy which upon the reading of your Maj. letter my poor heart hath conceived. Upon your spirit, I say, I call, as only powerful over me, and by his infinite virtue only able to express infinite things. Or if I be too weak an instrument to be inspired with such a gift, or that words be not able to interpret for me, then to your royal dear heart I appeal, which, without my words, can fully and justly understand me. Heavens and earth shall witness for me. I will strive to be worthy of so high a grace and so blessed a happiness. Be pleased therefore, most dear Queen, to be ever thus gracious, if not for my merit, yet for your own constancy. And so you shall bestow all those happinesses, which in the end of your letter you are pleased to wish; and then, if I may hear your Maj. is well and well pleased, nothing can be ill with your Maj. humblest and most affectionate vassal,

"Sandwich, this 23rd June.

"ESSEX."

This expedition was unsuccessful, and Essex suffered further in the Queen's estimation by a slanderous charge, attributed by Captain Devereux to Cecyll, of his having oppressed Sir Walter Raleigh, who served in the expedi-

dition. On the Earl's return he was ill received by the Queen; but his favour was increased with the populace, and Elizabeth's jealousy increased in proportion. At length, upon the question of peace with Spain, which Essex opposed against the wishes of the Queen and her Council, the Earl published an apology for his views, addressed to Anthony Bacon. By this the Queen

"Was greatly displeased; anything like an appeal to public opinion appeared to her jealous mind an encroachment on the royal prerogative. This, coupled with his known love of popularity, created a feeling of doubt and alarm in her mind, which his enemies took care to foster, by all means in their power, until she was led into those measures of harsh restraint, which ultimately drove him to the insane attempt that ended in his death."

In the summer of the year 1598 the quarrel attained its height in the celebrated box-on-the-ear scene. But little further light is thrown upon the question as to the extent of provocation which Essex had given for this unqueenlike and unwomanly violence, though some curious letters are given showing that the Earl considered himself the injured party; but we agree with Captain Devereux that he "must still bear the discredit of having treated his Queen with contempt."

The Earl at once withdrew from court, and the quarrel was never thoroughly reconciled. We must at this point break off our remarks for the present number.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, with a Notice of his Life and Writings.
By James Hannay, Esq. Addey and Co.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is one of the few American names that have become familiar to poetical readers on this side of the Atlantic. It is long since his singularly wild and weirdlike ballad of 'The Raven' took its place among the few modern ballads which have floated into permanent popularity, and snatches of his verse, marked by the same irregular and fascinating music, have from time to time reached our English ears. With them came a confused report that the singer was one of those wrecked lives which founder on their own passions, and leave but a few drifting spars to tell how goodly a ship has been cast away and sunk. Some three years ago Poe's career terminated in an hospital at Baltimore—the wretched close of a wayward and dissolute life. Since then many of his Tales and Essays, which flowed from a pen unusually prolific, have been published in this country, and have attracted much attention by the unusual powers of mental analysis, the force of their style, the vivid powers of description, and the various learning by which they are marked. The story of his broken and discreditable career has also been told in no friendly terms; and to qualify, as it would seem, the feeling thus excited, Mr. Hannay, in a generous spirit of regard for the man whose genius he cordially admires, has undertaken the more liberal estimate of Poe's life and genius which is prefixed to the present volume. Mr. Hannay's ability is equal to his enthusiasm, and both have resulted in an essay which it is impossible to read without pleasure, even while dissenting in some respects from the writer's conclusions both as to the man and his poetry. Find what extenuation for him we may, it is clear that in his life Poe was little better than a dissolute scapegrace; a man likely enough to break the hearts of "Annies" and "Ulalumes," and sing

dreamy dirges over them afterwards. And as concerns his poetry, his own estimate of himself was not far from the truth, when he described it as "not of much value to the public, or very creditable to himself." The public, with its rapid process of winnowing, has already confirmed this judgment; for, with the exception of a few songs and ballads, it has as good as rejected his poems as valueless, and even those few songs and ballads only find ardent acceptance among readers who are themselves of more than average poetical sensibility. His fancies and feelings are those of a limited few, and a man must himself have dreamed not a little, and listened for the recondite melodies of winds and waters and woodlands, nay, perhaps himself have achieved some mastery over the music of words, thoroughly to relish what is best in Poe's verses. Their greatest charm is a dreamy suggestiveness, and a peculiar cadence, that is to verse what the wild fantasia of a pianist is to music. He is a sort of minor Paganini of song, now startling by the wildest freaks, now soothing by the softest lullaby. In this respect some of his poems are studies, and unique in their originality and beauty. We should especially single out his 'Annabel Lee,' 'The Bells,' and the 'For Annie,' with its low murmurs of a grief recovering from the delirium of fever. As a healthier and stronger specimen of his genius, however, we select a portion of

"THE BELLS."

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glows
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!
How it dwells!
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

"Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls!

And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
And he tolls,
Tolls,
And he tolls,
Tolls—
A pean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pean of the bells—
Of the bells!

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells."

We read this with the same feeling as that with which we listen to a fantasia of Chopin's. Poe had a remarkable power over the music of words. Mrs. Browning's poetry seems to have roused, or, at least, greatly stimulated, this faculty; but he has gone, though only in this respect, greatly beyond his mistress. In fact, many of his rhythmical tones are so original and beautiful, that he may be said to have added a string to the English lyre. We cannot, however, do better than allow Mr. Hannay to speak on this subject:—

"I should say that he was a true poet, first of all. I mean simply, that his view of a piece of scenery, or an event, or a condition of human suffering or joy, will tell itself to you from his lips in a music inseparable from it, and, by dint of perception into the heart of the feelings which such scenery, or event, or condition, would naturally awaken in every human soul. There is no occasion for going into recondite inquiries about the 'Nature of the Poet.' We see how Goethe had tired of all that, when he tells Eckermann, 'lively feeling of situations and power to express them make the poet.' I say, take the verses 'To Helen,' 'The Bridal Ballad,' 'The Sleeper;' take these two lines,—

'The sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,

if we do not find poetry in these places, where are we to look for it? It is easy to talk about the 'deep heart,' &c., and there are half-a-dozen unreadable gentlemen always ready to assure one that poetry is gone to the dogs—all except their own; but submit Poe's volume to persons most habitually conversant with all poetry, and they will admit that the charm of it is in his book. As *un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme*, so a real poet, of course, ranks with the family. The head of a family is perhaps a duke, but every cadet, however distant, shares the blood.

"My remark on a point in his youthful poems extends to all his poems. Traces of spiritual emotion are not to be found there. Sorrow there is, but not divine sorrow. There is not any approach to the Holy—to the Holiness which mingles with all Tennyson's poetry. And yet, when you view his poems simply as poems, this characteristic does not make itself felt as a Want. It would seem as if he had only to deal with the Beautiful as a human aspirant. His soul thirsted for the 'supernal loveliness.' That thirst was to him Religion—all the Religion you discover in him. But if we cannot call him religious, we may say that he supplies the materials to worship. You want flowers and fruit for your altar; and wherever Poe's muse has passed, flowers and fruit are fairer and brighter.

"With all this passion for the Beautiful, no poet was ever less voluptuous. He never profaned his genius whatever else he profaned. 'Irene,' 'Ulalume,' 'Lenore,' 'Annabel Lee,' 'Annie,' are all gentle, and innocent, and fairy-like. A sound of music—rising as from an unseen Ariel—brings in a most pure and lovely figure—sad, usually; so delicate and dreamy are these conceptions that, indeed, they hint only of some transcendent beauty—some region where passion has no place, where

Music, and moonlight, and feeling
Are one,

as Shelley says.

"Poe loved splendour,—he delighted in the gorgeous—in ancient birth—in tropical flowers—in Southern birds—in castellated dwellings. The hero of his 'Raven' sits on a 'violet velvet lining'; the dead have 'crested palls.' He delighted, as Johnson says of Collins, 'to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.' His scenery is everywhere magnificent. His Genius is always waited upon with the splendour of an Oriental monarch.

"I have spoken of the tinge of melancholy which gives an effect like moonlight to all that he has done. I have said elsewhere that his 'genius, like the eyes of a Southern girl, is at once dark and luminous.' 'The Raven,' 'Ulalume,' 'For Annie,' all turn on Death. And this melancholy, too, is of a heathen character. You might say that his book is *funestus*. The stamp of sorrow is upon it, as cypress hung over the doors of a house among the ancients when a death had happened there. Remembering this, one must admit that his range is narrow. He has, for instance, no Humour—had little sympathy with the various forms of human life. But he is perfectly poetic in his own province. If his circle was a narrow, it was a magic one. His poetry is sheer poetry, and borrows nothing from without, as Didactic Poetry does. For Didactic Poetry he had a very strong and a very justifiable dislike.

"His melody is his own. You will find a music in each poem which is inseparable from the sentiment of it. He gives a certain musical air as a soul to each poem, but he works up the details as an artist. Witness 'The Raven' or 'The Bells.' Everything he has done is finished in detail, and has received its final touches. He had an exquisite eye for proportion, and every little poem is carved like a cameo."

It was well to present these poems in a form so substantially attractive as the present volume, and we have no doubt it will be welcome among students of poetry, especially the young. Mr. Hannay's essay is a most agreeable prelude to their perusal, and leaves an impression of a generous and genial spirit, itself "tempered to fine issues," and skilled in estimating genius in its finer workings. Of the illustrations we cannot say much. They are as commonplace as the poems are original. An angel hugging his knee, by Mr. James Godwin, only escapes this general character by the startling bathos of the conception.

The Dean's Daughter; or, the Days we Live in. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. 8vo. Hurst and Blackett.

WE do not know how it is that a Dean has come with novel writers to be a personification of pompous stolidity. A writer in the last 'Edinburgh Review,' in protesting against the crusade of ecclesiastical reformers against our cathedral abuses, maintains, that of all church dignitaries the Deans can show the most honourable list of services in proportion to their numbers, and that at the present moment many of them stand high in the ranks of science and literature, as well as in professional activity and usefulness. However this may be, Mrs. Gore chooses to take the traditional and conventional idea of a Dean for her story of 'The Days we Live in.' Her notions of a cathedral town, with its gloomy close, its spinster coteries, its whist parties, its mediæval prejudices, and miserable gossip, have a mixture of truth with much absurd and ideal fiction. But as the majority of her readers may have less actual knowledge of Deans and cathedral towns than the authoress herself, the book will not be critically tested on the score of its being a truthful picture of actual life. Scenes have

been witnessed, and perhaps may still be seen in quiet rural cities of England, such as that which Mrs. Gore describes as "the dull town of R—, with its nine thousand seven hundred and thirteen inhabitants."

"The Deanery of R—, as constituted by the present resident, was in truth a dreary place. Situated in the corner of a gloomy quadrangle, in one of the dullest of cathedral towns, its granite arches and mullioned windows might have possessed a certain charm for eyes less accustomed to the venerable architecture of our collegiate institutions than those of Reginald and William. To them, the place was only Eton or Oxford—school or college—on a less pleasant footing. Harman, the solemn butler, and Mrs. Graves, the austere housekeeper, were a degree more reserved than even their uncommunicative master; and the jackdaws, perched on the parapet, were the only vocal creatures about the place.

"The gloomy mahogany furniture and Turkey carpets, purchased by the Dean of his predecessor, on the accession of the latter to a mitre, muffled the rooms and corridors into the silence of the tomb. The very chimney pieces were of black or dark-grey marble; and the pictures, portraits of sour-looking divines in gown and band, contained in massive walnut-wood frames. The windows were partially obscured by dim and cloudy stained glass.

"In the sitting-room, the hangings were of olive-coloured damask; and between their dingy draperies stood heavy bookcases, groaning under musty tomes of obsolete divinity. The peevish old servants seemed clothed in sackcloth and ashes; speaking in under tones, which, though much resembling grumbling, purported only to propitiate the tympanum of the nervous Dean; a man so enamoured of stillness, that he had cut down a venerable lime-tree abutting on his windows, because the rustling of the leaves, and the twittering of the birds they served to shelter, disturbed his reveries. The fragrance of its blossoms and freshness of its shade pleaded nothing in its favour.

"Such a home, after the tumultuous sociability of college life, was not likely to prove exhilarating. In spite of the augustness of his silk apron, the Dean, so dignified in the eyes of the Cathedral Close, and so interesting to the tea-tables of R—, was to his sons simply the 'governor.' Even William, even 'darling Willy,' though dutiful and affectionate, could not help feeling what were called his 'holidays' to be both irksome and joyless.

"Incapable of exertion, Dr. Mordaunt expected his sons to find pastimes for themselves. He made them a liberal allowance; and on their arrival at home, welcomed them kindly. But the slightest discord in the diocese—even the trifling agitation produced in R— by the annual flower-show—affected his nerves so painfully, that the young men knew better than to molest him.

"Reginald, indeed, conscious of his better prospects, had long determined on emancipating himself, at the earliest possible opportunity, from the parental authority which the Dean so little valued. He usually contrived to spend his Christmas vacation at Mildenhall Abbey, instead of droning it away at the Deanery: a sad mortification to William, who had to bear his burthen in undivided weight.

"It was in the second year of his Oxford life that he made his appearance at R—, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, to find the Dean more than usually out of spirits!—overwhelmed by the petty squabbles of his Chapter, and the examination of Wraxley and Lumm's annual account. When cordially greeted by his cheery-hearted son, he shook his head despondingly, and declared himself to be 'poorly—very, very poorly.'

"Poorly, indeed, for a benefited divine—a responsible Christian!—Beyond his physical sensations, he had not a thought or a care—beyond that gloomy room, not a sympathy. The souls entrusted to his cure, the progress of the faith he professed, of national civilization, of human happiness, of science, literature, art—what were such trifles to a man

addicted to nervous headache, and engrossed by the daily study of Buchan's Domestic Medicine!—

"Still, when seated in dignified abstraction in his stall, keeping measure with the responses of the choir, and looking like a portrait of St. Jerome by the tender pencil of Guido, there was plausible pretext for the affection with which he was pointed out to strangers as the 'popular Dean of R—.'

One other extract will complete the portrait of the Dean, and introduce the heroine of the tale. The second son, Willy, is home for the vacation, and is at breakfast with his unso-cial 'governor':—

"A screen was interposed between the breakfast-table and the fire-place. Harman waited in list shoes upon his silent master. The morning papers were in process of being aired and ironed. Nothing was audible but the occasional crackling of the coals, or of the dry toast languidly masticated by the Dean.

"At length, several phthisicky hems apprised William Mordaunt that his father was about to address him.

"I must ask you, Willy, to write a letter for me after breakfast," said the Dean. "My right hand feels a little uncomfortable. Harman has been advising a dose of Gregory's mixture, for some days past. Under such circumstances, letter-writing is out of the question."

"I shall be most happy, sir, to officiate as your secretary."

"I knew you would. I waited, in fact, for your arrival, to answer dear Margaret's letter."

"My sister?—you want me to write to my sister? My conscience reproaches me that I am myself a letter in her debt."

"Yes! Margaret complains that you are a bad correspondent:—an additional motive, I presume, for her desire to spend part of the vacation with you here."

"And does my grandmother consent? How delightful! Nothing on earth should I enjoy so much!"

"My dear boy, the thing is totally impossible," said the Dean, taking a nail-file from his writing-table, and leisurely proceeding to polish his nails (one of the few bodily exertions he ever indulged in). "It was thoughtless enough of Margaret to propose it; but you, an eye-witness of my infirm state of health, must be aware of the utter impossibility of my receiving guests under my roof."

"But your own daughter, Sir!"

"My daughter is unfortunately as much a stranger to me as any other. To say the truth, William, I thought it both wise and considerate of Reginald to propose passing his Christmas at Mildenhall Abbey."

The Dean consents at length to have Margaret home for a visit. It must be explained that Dr. Mordaunt, a younger son of an Earl, had married against his family's consent while yet a poor curate, and all personal intercourse with his noble relatives had from that time ceased. The dowager Countess of Bournemouth had so far relented afterwards as to take Margaret under her charge, to the great relief of her apparently heartless father. The elder brother, now the heir of the house, was also a constant guest at Mildenhall Abbey. The return of Margaret, a gentle, joyous, affectionate girl, brought sunshine to the old Deanery, and the poor old man was wonderfully improved, both in health and spirits, by her presence and her filial attention. While Margaret was on her visit, two of Willy's college companions, Richard Hargreave and Herbert Fanshawe, came to the Deanery. Both are smitten with their friend's lovely and lively sister. Much of the early part of the story relates to the rival movements of the two admirers. A variety of circumstances give Richard Hargreave the good fortune of gaining her hand. He was the eldest son of a neighbouring baronet, who

had risen to affluence and rank by commercial success. His intimacy was great with William Mordaunt, and the Dean's affairs being found at his death to be greatly involved, Hargreave gave such generous and delicate practical proofs of friendship, that Margaret was induced, greatly through her brother's influence, to marry their friend and benefactor. Fanshawe, who had turned out rather unsteady, was out of the way, and William rejoiced that his sister had escaped being united to such a man. But as time passes there appears to be little congruity of feeling between Dick Hargreave, now Sir Richard, and his lady.—

"The idiosyncrasy inherited from a feeble mother and inert father, assumed, in Lady Hargreave, the form of moral indifference; nor had the nature of her early training invigorated her powers of mind. Happy and happy-making in her quiet home, she had done little to improve herself. Her efforts to return the fond affection of Dick Hargreave, seemed to have exhausted her faculties. From the moment of her marriage, her life became as much a matter of routine as that of the popular Dean of R—.

"As a girl Margaret had been instructed in crochet-work, and the mysteries of Berlin wool; was skilful with her pencil, and as sweet a singer as Desdemona. But of the value of money, or the comparative rights of rich and poor, she knew no more than her lap-dog. Near as she had been to destitution, she was unable to appreciate the importance of an income such as that of her husband; or the duties, public and private, involved in its administration. It appeared to her that Sir Richard devoted far too much attention to his agents and lawyers—his bailiffs and farmers. She did not so much as render the honour due to his generosity when, on coming into his fortune, he presented his friend William—her brother William—with a deed of gift to the value of ten thousand pounds. Unaware of the rarity of such actions, she fancied it only a commendable employment of his loose money. She would have given it herself: she concluded that most others would have done the same. While Lord Mildenhall shrugged his shoulders at such an act of Quixotism, as 'worthy an ostentatious upstart, capable of any excess of vulgar extravagance,' Lady Hargreave expressed neither gratitude nor surprise.

"Nor was this the only subject on which Sir Richard derived no council or sympathy from his wife. Aware of her total ignorance of financial economy, or even the commonest questions of administrative prudence, he was too considerate, too thoroughly good-natured, to bore her by requiring her participation in his affairs. But a separation of interests was thus insensibly created: and, in married life, any separation should be guarded against. The very smallest may widen into a chasm."

The separation did widen into a chasm. Between Sir Richard and Lady Hargreave there remained the relation of duty, but not the union of affection. Such being the state of matters she meets with Fanshawe in the Isle of Wight with her children, her husband being absent in London. The renewed acquaintance gradually ripened into something more than ardent friendship. The intimacy was soon observable, rumour-raising and mischief-making gossip spreading and magnifying the real state of their relation to each other:—

"Margaret had been seen (by that ubiquitous spy called 'Somebody,' who, like Satan in the time of Job, is perpetually 'wandering up and down on the earth, and walking up and down in it,' to receive a billet from a disreputable-looking boy. She had next been watched, by the same mysterious agent, leaving her home almost clandestinely—quite unattended—to take what she was never known to do at Oak Hill—a solitary

walk. That same evening (the same evening, mind you, quoth Somebody), who should suddenly appear at Cowes, (aha!) but Herbert Fanshawe,—so much talked about for the Dean's daughter before Dick Hargreave came forward to offer her his hand; and according to the account of Hartwell of the Blues, her faithful shepherd in the family pinfold at Mildenhall. Last of all, Somebody had heard it whispered at the Club by Captain Rhys, and this was a more exquisite song than the other, that Lady Hargreave and Fanshawe had been found together in a secluded spot of the grounds at Oak Hill, under circumstances that left no doubt of the good understanding between them. At this, Somebody of course expressed himself inexpressibly shocked; and Everybody, like echo, was inexpressibly shocked in its turn."

The arrival of Sir Richard prevented matters getting to any guilty length; but Margaret had allowed her feelings to go so far as to involve herself in the miserable consequences of an unregulated and evilly-directed passion. It is in tracing the workings of Margaret's spirit under this influence, and the struggle between conscience and duty on the one hand, and a troop of dangerous emotions and inclinations on the other, that Mrs. Gore displays the most power in her work. As usually happens in such cases, the woman's passion is more vehement and less calculating than his who first excited it. Fanshawe draws back from the trouble which the attachment might have brought upon him, especially as he meanwhile is meditating a matrimonial alliance with a lady of title and good fortune. Lady Hargreave was capable, he believed, of quitting her husband's roof, and blasting his own prospects by seeking refuge under his, and therefore he had relaxed in his insidious devotion. Margaret, conscience-stung and unhappy, but still a prey to the infatuation created by flattery-working on her disappointed spirit, is at length awakened to right reason by the announcement of Fanshawe's marriage, and by the earnest expostulations of her brother William, who had discovered the cause of her excitement and unhappiness. Soon she is startled by the sudden intelligence of her husband and son being injured in a railway collision when on a journey, which she had herself pressed upon them that she might be left alone in London. To Sir Richard the accident proved fatal; but he lived long enough for his wife to tend him for a time, during which there was true and bitter penitence on her part. For the rest of her life she was subdued and solemnised, and though sought in society and offered a noble alliance, she was henceforth only devoted to the memory of her husband and to the care of his son. Such is the outline of the story of 'The Dean's Daughter.' Mrs. Gore shows well the connexion of guilt and wretchedness, and wisely teaches the danger of tampering with evil, and in thought and feeling being unguarded, even though no outward crime be chargeable. But we much question whether the excellence of these lessons justifies the use of such subjects for giving interest to a novel. The other parts of the story are unusually dull. The first volume is chiefly occupied with the portraiture of the Dean. The second professes to give a variety of scenes of fashionable life, many of the ideas in which are very absurd, as when it is said that "it was impossible for the Dean to appear in society, and to accompany his mother and aunt to Bath, because he had never been presented at court!" These parts of the story are harmless, and afford amusement at the writer's expense. The concluding

chapters are more ably written, and excite stronger interest; but the subjects are not such as an author ought to find satisfaction in presenting to the class of readers into whose hands the book is likely to fall.

Journal of a Voyage from Boston to the West Coast of Africa, with a full Description of the Manner of Trading with the Natives of the Coast. By J. A. Carnes. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

FROM the communication that has subsisted for some time past between Boston, U.S., and the republican colony of Liberia, we expected ere this to have welcomed the narrative of a more recent voyage than that described in the volume before us. The author gives no date to his expedition beyond saying, that it was performed "in the autumn of 18—;" and how much less than half a century ago his adventures in African trading took place, it is impossible to say. The habits of the aborigines of this part change, however, little with time, and the mode of bartering with the natives of the Grain Coast, the Ivory Coast, and the Gold Coast, is much the same now as it was twenty or thirty years since. We may therefore present our readers with a few extracts from Mr. Carnes's journal, premising that a proper date to their authority would have added materially to their value. On arriving at the Island of Goree, after a passage of fifty days across the Atlantic, the author's curiosity is much excited by the sudden tropical aspect of the scene:—

"While I was looking at the canoes, my attention was diverted by observing several native Africans, both men and boys, emerging from their huts, (which were but a short distance from the beach,) slowly advancing towards the place where I stood. The men were perfectly naked, with the single exception of a small piece of coarse, blue cotton cloth around their waists; while the boys were in a state of nature. One or two of the men were full six feet in height, but well proportioned and black as ebony. Their skin was smooth and glossy, as if they had been just immersed in water, the cause of which, as we subsequently learnt, is, that the natives along this coast are in the habit of rubbing themselves over with palm-oil, hence the shiny appearance of their skin. They advanced with that easy and careless step of men who are conscious of enjoying their liberty. For, reader, they were not slaves, but freemen! They went out and came in as their will or pleasure dictated. They had no cruel task-masters, to scourge their naked bodies. They could endure the heat of the noonday sun, or recline in the shade of their own native broad-spreading plantain whenever they desired, (for the continent is but a short distance from the island,) or if fatigued, repose upon their mats in the huts constructed by their own hands.

"When these Africans reached the canoes above mentioned, they threw in their nets and fishing tackle with which they were furnished for the day's excursion, and launching their fragile barks upon the smooth waters of the bay, they bounded into them as they pushed from the shore, and plying their paddles for a short distance, hoisted their homely sail, (each canoe being furnished with one manufactured by the natives themselves from the fibrous bark of a tree, and using it only when the wind is free, as the bottom of their boats being flat are not calculated to beat to windward,) which expanding to the breeze, soon wafted the little fleet some distance from the island. In a short time the beach was thronged with sable Ethiopians busily employed either in preparing for the fishing excursion of the day, or for the purpose of visiting the continent to gather fruit and vegetables to sell to the inhabitants of Goree. This was as regularly performed during our stay here, as the day came,

or the sun rose and set. They were the market-men to supply the population with the daily necessities of life."

The Creole gentry of Goree are a much higher class of people, living, according to Mr. Carnes, in 'mansions,' and keeping lap-lions:—

"In passing an angle of one of the streets or lanes we saw a lion in full chase after a timid goat, which he did not succeed in overtaking, and quietly passed us like a harmless dog, and entered the yard of the very mansion to which we were directing our steps. We subsequently ascertained that it belonged to the lady of the house, who had purchased it a short time before, from one of the natives, who obtained it in the vicinity of the river Gambia, after destroying its parent, the lioness, who fiercely protected the young whelp to the last moment of her life. It was, to be sure, not much larger than a common sized terrier-dog, yet, notwithstanding, his claws were pretty long, and his teeth sufficiently large to have destroyed an animal of much greater dimensions than himself. However, this Creole lady had so perfectly domesticated him, as to play with this so much dreaded and formidable animal, as if it were a mere lap-dog, and allowed it to eat out of her hand without apprehending the least danger. He was suffered to run at large wherever he pleased, and even a kennel or small house was placed in the yard for his dormitory."

"On first entering the dwelling of the lady, the owner of the lion, we saw only the lady herself and her little daughter about five or six years of age, who was playing about the room. Her ladyship immediately recognised the captain, with whom she had become acquainted on a former visit of his to Goree. We were both received with the greatest politeness, and refreshments were placed before us, while an apology was offered for her husband's absence. He, however, in a short time came in and welcomed us in the most cordial manner that could be desired. He was very polite and gentlemanly, both in his deportment and conversation, and his lady was not less so, which made our time pass very pleasantly while in their company. Our captain transacted a considerable business with this Creole while we remained at Goree, and found him to be in every respect honest and upright in his dealings. A kind invitation being tendered us by the gentleman to take dinner, the forenoon being far advanced, it was excepted, and we had the pleasure of enjoying the company of several other ladies and gentlemen besides our entertainer and his wife. Dinner was served up about three o'clock, and in much better style than would have been anticipated at a small island like Goree, on the coast of Africa. We had French soup, fricasseed and baked fowls, fried eggs, fried plantains, sweet potatoes, yams, &c., besides wines of different kinds, and all the various fruits that could be obtained, which this country furnishes, such as oranges, pine-apples, bananas, guavas, &c., of delicious flavour, and so refreshing to the parched and thirsty lips of the traveller, and the inhabitant of this sultry clime. The peculiar appearance of the ladies who sat at the table with those enormous turbans, and ponderous bracelets of pure gold upon their arms and wrists, (like those I have before described), constantly riveted my attention."

At the De Los Isles, between Goree and Sierra Leone, Mr. Carnes stayed ten or twelve days with an English resident, Mr. Lee, of whose house and ostrich here are some interesting particulars:—

"In the rear of the mansion, and extending some distance beyond, were orange, lemon, and cocoa trees, in all their luxuriance and beauty, in different stages of growth, the spontaneous productions of this fruitful climate. A few orange-trees grew in such close proximity, that a person extending his arm from the piazza, could, at his pleasure, gather the delicious fruit, perfectly ripe, and just ready to drop from the tree. Here and there could be seen the banana and the broad-spreading plantain, with their rich fruit, also pen-

dant from the stem in full and glowing clusters, ripe and inviting to the taste, while others with the fruit in its incipient state, beautifully contrasted with that which had already reached maturity. Goats and kids were bounding from rock to rock, in the immediate vicinity, or reclining in the shade of the umbrageous trees to rest from their gambols. At a distance could be heard the chattering of monkeys, as they bounded from limb to limb, in the tangled woods, impervious to the rays of a burning sun, sporting in all their native wildness. And at intervals, numerous parrots and paroquets, with all their varied and beautiful plumage, could be observed in their flight to different parts of the island. The first ostrich I ever saw was at this place. It was a female, and had been purchased by Mr. Lee of the natives, when it was quite grown up. This gentleman has so perfectly domesticated it, that she would eat out of your hand without the least fear. It was uncommonly large, as may be judged from an experiment, by which it was ascertained that this ostrich could reach its head and eat out of an object twelve feet high. In order to gratify some gentlemen present, Mr. Lee held his hat over the piazza, at the elevation mentioned, and this enormous African bird I saw take a banana or plantain from the inside, with the greatest ease. Her eggs were frequently found buried in the sands of the beach, out of the reach of the surf, in different parts of the island. They were of great dimensions, and we often partook of them, at our meals at Mr. Lee's, fried in the same manner as other eggs, and thought them equally as palatable."

"We were frequently amused by the singular pranks this ostrich would perform. In this, their native climate, they appear entirely different from what we see them when imported into our own country, and exhibited as they frequently are, in menageries, &c. At such times, they seem to have lost all their natural vigour, and their motions are constrained and mechanical. It is, apparently, even irksome for them to raise their wings, and when they walk, each step is taken with a kind of measured tread, as if afraid to put one foot before the other. Not thus, however, do we see this stupendous bird under its own burning sun of the tropics. It was often really laughable to observe this one belonging to Mr. Lee, suddenly start, as if she were mad or something in full chase after her, run along the beach that skirts the island, with the velocity of the wind, her long neck stretched in nearly a horizontal position, and wings in constant motion, to assist her flight, though not sufficient to raise the body from the ground, and then instantly stop, as if nailed to the place. At another time she might be seen strutting along in front of the house, with a gait as slow and proud as the peacock, the long loose feathers of her wings nearly reaching the ground. The shady covert was not the place congenial to her taste. The bright and glaring sunshine, when Sol poured down his fiercest rays, was her delight. At such moments I have seen this ostrich walk slowly along in the burning sun, regardless of the heat, and pick up any hard substance that came in its way, such as small stones, pieces of iron, or anything of a similar nature, and swallow them without any apparent effort. Sometimes it would give chase to a goat that happened to be browsing near, and then if an anchorite would not hold both his sides with laughter at the scene which followed, I am very much mistaken. In fact, the goats and kids belonging to Mr. Lee, kept out of the way of Madam Ostrich as much as possible, for her hard bill and powerful feet, they had found, by experience, were not very gentle playfellows."

"It is mentioned in the Bible that this wonderful bird is so swift of foot that the fleetest horse could not overtake her. For it says nearly in these words: 'When she lifteth her wings in the desert, she scorneth the horse and his rider, yea, she outstrippeth the wind. She layeth her eggs in the sand, and her young are brought forth,' &c. What we saw of this singular production of nature seemed to verify, in every particular, the words of the sacred writings in relation to it."

The vessel continued its trading course along fifteen hundred miles of coast, and many details are given of the captain's dealings with the natives. The following episode of a royal personage who came out to trade is amusing:—

"Some of the natives who came off in these canoes had signified to our kroomen that the king would make us a visit before night, and bring in his large canoe some fine elephants' teeth, 'to make a trade.' And sure enough, we at length observed a canoe of very large dimensions putting off from the shore. This was his ebony majesty's 'Royal Yacht.' When it had approached within a quarter of a mile of us, our attention was riveted by the wild notes, of a kind of slow and dirge-like chant, that fell upon our listening ears from his majesty's canoe-men. I cannot possibly give the reader a distinct idea of the effect that this wild music had upon me at the time, as uttered by these unsophisticated sons of Africa. The scene is before me now, as if it were but yesterday, though many years have passed since the event occurred. I can see the large canoe, manned by upwards of twenty tall, well-formed negroes, chanting a solemn air, to which they kept perfect time with their paddles, and at a certain sound, (that came booming upon the wings of the wind, and with a kind of mournful cadence fell upon the listening ear,) each paddle would strike the water simultaneously. His majesty, seated in the stern, or one end of the 'royal barge,' was distinguished from his subjects by a kind of turban of many colours upon his head, a piece of blue cotton cloth thrown over his shoulders, in the form of a mantle, and the same fabric around his waist—his canoemen having but the latter."

"When this royal personage came on board, we fired a salute of a few guns, as a mark of respect to him, at which he appeared highly gratified. He signified to us that he had brought with him a considerable quantity of ivory, and should like to 'make a trade,' if we could agree. For this purpose he ordered all that was in the canoe to be placed upon our deck that we might examine it. There were several large teeth, and some smaller ones, called 'scrivellas,' in all about a ton, which was a considerable object for us, if we could purchase it to advantage. However, we soon perceived we had a pretty shrewd one to deal with. This African monarch stood in the centre of the deck, surrounded by the kroomen, who are generally very shrewd in making a bargain, and several of his subjects who accompanied him, and seemed to act as courtiers, as he often directed his conversation to these persons, to know their minds with regard to the worth of a small or large tooth of ivory. Offers were made him through our kroomen for several teeth, and the articles intended for the purchase were displayed upon the deck opposite to the ivory, so that both parties might have a fair view of them; but his sable majesty was so obstinate that we could not come to any terms. Our kroomen signified to the captain that if he wished to make a trade, he must make the king a present, and give each of his men a 'dash,' or glass of rum. As we saw no other means to come to an understanding with his majesty, this was immediately complied with. The present selected for his 'serene highness' consisted of a red uniform coat, trimmed with gold lace a little tarnished, a uniform cap, (both of which had belonged to a member of some Boston infantry company,) an old shirt, pants and vest, belonging to our captain, and a pair of shoes. These articles of apparel were presented to the king, and his attendants soon had their royal master decked out in this semi-military attire. If ever there was a ludicrous sight on the surface of this terrestrial globe, it was in the person of this African monarch, as he paced fore and aft the deck, with slow and measured strides, while his courtiers and all the natives on board stood in amazement, gazing at him in his strange attire. As his majesty walked back and forth, he would occasionally cast a look of recognition upon some of his subjects, when his eyes for a moment

chanced to wander from beholding his own person decorated in such unwonted habiliments."

The unhealthy climate on the Gold Coast will doubtless prevent European and American emigrants, as it has done hitherto, from opening up any diggings in that locality; but that the precious metal exists there we have frequent evidence. At King's Village nuggets were brought by the bushmen from the interior:—

"After these people had been on board a short time, sufficient to look around them and satisfy themselves of our friendly intentions, they each produced from a corner or fold of their 'tapper,' a small piece of gold, of the pure, solid, unadulterated metal, both pieces weighing about seven drachms. These we purchased, giving in return some coarse blue India cotton, 'or baftas,' (as it is often called by traders on this coast,) a little rum, a few strings of beads, medals, &c., with which they seemed perfectly satisfied. Although the trade was small, as regarded the amount in the transaction with these unsophisticated Africans, still, to us, the profit was 'cent. per cent.,' and more than cent. per cent. again, invested in two little lumps of pure, unalloyed, yellow, virgin gold."

And again, on the Grain Coast, where the natives seem to be better acquainted with its value,—

"Gold is likewise obtained of the natives on the 'Grain or Pepper coast,' but generally in very small quantities, and the natives, who know the value of it by their traffic with the whites, demand such an exorbitant price for the precious metal, that it is scarcely an object to purchase it. We had found some of these Africans, with whom we trafficked for small quantities of gold, so well acquainted with our weights that it would have been almost an impossibility to deceive them, had we been so disposed. So many 'fathoms' of cloth were required for an 'acky' of gold, a weight equivalent to about a pennyweight."

At Dix Cove the captain also purchased some gold in dust and solid metal. We have not, however, space for more extracts. There is little variety in the narrative, and the author's style of writing is indifferent; still, it contains much that is interesting to the general reader.

Napoleon the Third. By A. de la Guéronnière, Editor of 'Le Pays.' Translated by Lieut.-Colonel Charles Gillies. Vizetelly and Co.

WHEN Victor Hugo's 'Napoleon le Petit' was first shown to Louis Napoleon, he is said to have looked at the title, and then with a sneer remarked, "Ah! Napoleon le Petit, par Victor Hugo—le Grand!" It was soon found, however, that the book was not so contemptible as was expected. The title itself had point, and greater curiosity was manifested as the interdiction of the book from France was rigorously enforced. Copies found their way from Belgium in sheets through the post-office, and were read with avidity in Paris and the departments. The possessors often made large sums by lending the book out at exorbitant prices, and the demand is still said to be great, while the vigilance of the police is as actively called forth for its suppression. We have expressed our own opinion of the merits of Victor Hugo's book, and estimated the influence it is likely to exert at no great rate. ('L. G.' 1852, p. 810.) Still there were many facts adduced in the democratic republican's account of Napoleon the Little which it was thought desirable to meet by a counter-statement. The editor of 'Le Pays,' M. de la Guéronnière, has undertaken the task. We gave Victor Hugo's sketch of

Louis Napoleon as a man; here is the portrait as given by De la Guéronnière:—

"What problem is this that presents itself to my pencil? I search for a light upon that face, and I see nothing but shade. On looking more closely at it, my mind is gradually led to recall that face, so dark, so sinister, so passionless and cold, which, in its day, was called 'The Iron Mask.' I have read somewhere in the annals of those times, that the jailors of that mysterious personage had remarked, that a strange phenomenon had exhibited itself in that terrible tragedy. The principle of life was so powerfully condensed beneath that inflexible covering—so intense a necessity to come to light was manifested, that at certain moments it was revealed even through the polished steel, and animated it, as it might have done the human face. At those times the mask assumed the expression of nature. The veins seemed to palpitate, the lips to move, the eyes to brighten up, the temples to beat. The mask had transformed itself into man. In like manner, this face, in appearance so motionless and insensible, is but the mask of the man within, ardent and powerful. Those eyes are dull, but as profound as the thought in which they dive, and which rises at times in their orbits, as the flame rises from the hearth whence it derives its fire. That brow is gloomy as fate, but as expansive as creative genius. Those lips are colourless, but full of expression; delicately turned; severed—scarcely sufficiently parting, and open just to allow the curt and precise expression of a will emanating from deep reflection, and inexorably resolved. That voice is indolent and drawling, but self-reliant; and the indifference which shows itself is but the excess of that confidence. Courage concealed by timidity,—resolution disguised by gentleness,—inflexibility softened by mildness,—policy hidden by good nature,—life under marble,—fire under ashes: in a word, a something partaking of Augustus and of Titus, but with the face of Werther,—that type of German sentimentality. Such does Louis Napoleon Bonaparte appear."

"This portrait, sketched from nature, entirely explains the Man. It justifies the conflicting opinions that have been formed of him. We thus comprehend how some, with perfect sincerity, have contested the political superiority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whilst others have exalted his abilities even to hyperbole. Louis Napoleon is certainly a superior man; but that superiority is shy and unsuspected. His life is all concentrated within. His words do not betray his thoughts; his actions do not betray his designs; his look does not reveal the ardour of his spirit; his demeanour borrows nothing from his resolution. All his moral nature is, by some means, constrained and overruled by his physical firmness. He meditates, but does not argue; he decides, but does not deliberate; he acts, but does not feel the stimulus. His best friends do not know him intimately. He commands confidence, but never solicits it. On the eve of the expedition to Boulogne, General Montholon promised to follow him, without seeking to know where he would lead him. Each day he presides over the council of ministers, speaks little, listens to all, and yields nothing. With one abrupt word he cuts short a question, as by a military 'order of the day.'"

We have no inclination to follow the author in the political discussions with which his work is chiefly occupied. He is professedly writing a panegyric and an obsequious manifesto. The concluding comments on Louis Napoleon's famous *mot*, "L'Empire c'est la paix," are reasonable and reassuring:—

"War is revolution: that is what renders war impossible in Europe. Every European government has in itself some latent cause of ruin, which ought to serve as a motive of caution. Austria is placed between Italy and Hungary; Prussia spreads upon the provinces of the Rhine; Russia has a Poland lashed to its sides, according to the fine expression of M. Berryer; and England is burdened with the affliction and wrongs of Ireland. It is peace alone that can keep these suffering nations

from breaking up, and obeying their aspirations for liberty. The first cannon fired on the Rhine would be the signal for them to break the chains of their servitude, and we should inevitably see the spirit of France brought into collision with the spirit of Europe."

"France does not wish to play this desperate game. God preserve us from proving, at such a cost, the invincible power of the new rights of which she has raised the standard! Violent propagandism has served its time. It is no longer by victories that France ought to dazzle nations; it is by her institutions, by that progress at the head of which she marches, that she ought to captivate and allure them."

"We are certain the Emperor Napoleon, who governs France, has no other ambition."

"After a Napoleon of Conquest there is only room for a Napoleon of Peace. Europe assuredly comprehends this already, and knows that in this great name, which she again beholds at the pinnacle of power, after a long eclipse, nothing is implied but the sovereignty of a great people, which, willing to be respected by all, intends hostility to none."

An Appendix contains a number of "Political Thoughts of the Emperor Napoleon III.," selected from his speeches and from his published works. The volume is written with ability, and with far more tact than that of Victor Hugo, the passionate tone of which weakens the effect of its facts and arguments.

NOTICES.

Welton Dale. A Poem. By T. J. Terrington. Longman and Co.

WELTON DALE is a beautiful tract of country, formed by the abutting of the Yorkshire wolds on the northern shore of the Humber. To the people of Hull it used to be a favourite scene of holiday excursions, and those parts still accessible to the public will not be the less admired with the poetical guide-book which Mr. Terrington has supplied. But apart from the local interest of the poem, it contains passages of much beauty, and is the production of a genuine lover of nature, and a man of good taste and right feeling. We quote a passage where the author, after his descriptive sketches and contemplative musings, proceeds to call up some of the literary and historical associations of the scene. The river Humber, he says, is not a stream 'unknown to song,' for on its banks often wandered Kirke White, Mason, and the patriot-bard, Andrew Marvel. The association of great names with natural scenery is finely described, and the tribute to Marvel's memory is nobly rendered:—

"Such scenes as these the muse's pen hath drawn,
The castled steep, the abbey's mould'ring walls,
The plain once deluged with the flood of war,
Work strongly on our thought; but nought can touch
The heart with softer feeling than the haunts
Beloved of poets, where at will they roved,
And from the rural loveliness around
Caught highest inspiration. On his page
The bard hath so his living spirit cast,
That every word is vital; and he speaks
As in existence, though dim years have fled
With hoary pinions o'er his quiet grave.
Each thought breathes freshly, like the dewy flowers
Just opened in the morn; and every soft
And tender feeling hath that warmth and life
It owned when springing from his beating heart.
He, like our friend, whose every thought we know,
Whose breast is open, and whose heart sincere,
Chains our affections with the golden links
Of sweetest sympathy. In proof of this,
How oft have strangers sought the winding shores
Of haunted Avon, whose immortal stream
Flows in poetic music, and whose shades
Are more renowned than Plato's classic grove.
On Mulla's banks, with verdant alders crowned,
The Muse of Spenser wove her fairy-song,
And made them sacred as a sainted shrine
That pilgrims oft frequent. Who would not roam
With sweet delight amid the sylvan bowers
Of lovely Weston? Oh! thou gentle bard,
Unhappy Cowper, who hath poured like thee
His spirit on his page, and pictured there
The semblance of his heart? What tenderness,
What feeling delicate, emotion warm,
And thought ennobling to the mind of man
Live in thy song! It is the native strength
Of fancy's wing; imagination's flight
Far o'er the ordinary tracks of thought;

And power creative at whose magic touch
New being springs to life, that wins the wreath
Which crowns the honoured bard. Were it bequeathed
To him, whose object, when he touched the lyre,
Was not alone to ravish with the sound
Of deep-toned harmony, but win the ear
By dulcet music to attend to truth;
To raise the manners, purify the thought,
Refine the taste to simple elegance;
Strike off the chains of grovelling desire,
Exalt the spirit to its highest aim,
And point the noblest objects of the soul;
No brow would wear a richer wreath than thine.
These scenes o'er which sweet poetry has thrown
The richest hue of her enchanting light
I ne'er have visited,—with musing thought
And pensive pleasure, searching out each haunt
And sacred armour, where the poet tuned
The lively chords of his immortal lyre;
Whose notes still vibrate o'er the raptured earth
In richest harmony, and still will sound
Sweet accents pregnant with delight intense,
Whilst language issues from the lips of men.
Then let me turn to muse upon those bards,
Whose eyes have rested in poetic glance
Upon the Humber's rapid, rolling tide;
And to the votary of fancy given
A richer bounty to my native stream:
On him who linked the patriot with the bard;
On him who struck the ancient Druid harp;
And him whose sweet and melancholy lyre
Death snatched untimely from his tuneful hand.

Illustrious Marvel! though the poet's bay
Thy brow encircle, yet the richer wreath
Of patriot fame, luxuriant and full,
Half hides the honours which thy lyre has won,
So rich the chaplet woven round thine head.
In changing, veal, and corrupted times,
Thy soul was uncorrupt; and principle
Pure, honest, steadfast, all thy actions ruled;
Thine heart was bent to serve thy fellow men
And raise the honour of thy native place,
Its wealth, its dignity; and to fulfil,
By unremitting and unwearyed toil,
Keen-eyed attention, well-directed aim,
In Britain's senate, which thou honouredst long,
Each filial duty which a man can owe
To that dear land, that heart-enchanting soil,
His native country. Is it true thy life
Was taken from thee by the poisoned bowl?
That all thy service, usefulness, and zeal
Gained such requital, met untimely end?
Would that all natives of this sea-girt isle,
Where freedom sits upon her highest throne,
Had thine own spirit ruling in their breasts!
Then would loud faction cease her bickering roar,
And all unite in one fraternal aim
To build the nation up in moral strength,
In social virtue, piety, truth, peace,
Till it should stand the pyramid of earth
With base unshaken, and with summit high;
Whilst all the kingdoms of the world around
With deep astonishment and rapture viewed
The wondrous pile political, and owned
That Greece and Rome, when in their pride of power,
Were feeble empires when compared with this."

To Kirke White and his poetry more of the poem
is given than most readers will care to read with
as much sympathy as the author desires. The
notice of Mason is briefer and better. Of Cowper
the author is an ardent admirer, and the poem in
some places bears marks of more than admiration
of 'The Task.' Few writers have more happily
caught the spirit as well as imitated the style of
Cowper. From a passage on poetry, and the poet's
life, we give a few lines, evidently the utterance of
personal experience:—

"Alone
He loves to wander, and alone he weaves
The winding mazes of his melting songs,
That speak of nature in her outward forms,
And speak of nature hidden in the heart,
With such entrancing energy, they raise
Ten thousand feelings in the breast that reads
Which slept unknown before; and bring to light
Unnumbered soft emotions fraught with joy
And sweetest, purest pleasure. For himself
The bard exists not; 'tis for those around
Who hear his melodies, which oft are wrought
From his own anguish. None would change with him
Their lot of life, and feel the whole he feels;
His hours of sorrow which are ill repaid
By fame's loud voice. He, too, perhaps would not
Change lots with any; for he hath his joys,
Dear secret, treasured, known but to himself.
His days of studious toil, his nights of thought,
And hours of deepest musing, would to some
Exceed the slave's hard torture, but to him
They minister delight."

Mr. Terrington in a modest preface deprecates
severe criticism, pleading the humble nature of his
poem, which only seeks "to mould his thoughts,
feelings, and emotions into verse, thereby en-
deavouring to communicate pleasure to such minds
as receive gratification from the lower rather than
the higher walks of poetry." Poetry of any order,

is the moulding of thoughts and emotions into verse,
and higher or lower are only relative terms, de-
pending on the merit of the writer, not on the
nature of his subject. Nor is any apology of the
kind needed in the present case. Mr. Terrington
has true poetic spirit, and with labour and expe-
rience he may produce works capable of affording
gratification to the minds and improvement to
the hearts of any class of readers.

Notes on English Divines. By Samuel Taylor Cole-
ridge. Edited by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge.
2 vols. Moxon.

OF the new edition of Coleridge's works, the volume
which contains his poetry we noticed last year,
(*L. G.*, 1852, p. 512.) the present contain his
'Notes of English Divines,' chiefly reprinted from
the third and fourth volumes of 'The Literary
Remains.' These theological marginalia were first
edited by Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, the sister
of the present editor, who added annotations, which
are here given, with additional notes by Mr. Der-
went Coleridge. The notes were written, without
any view to publication, on the margins and blank
space of books read by Mr. Coleridge, and they
thus present accurate and valuable records of his
natural and artless thoughts and feelings on the
subjects to which they refer. On the subject-matter
of these criticisms and comments we are
not disposed to offer any remarks, merely recom-
mending the present edition as a valuable contri-
bution to the literature of philosophy and theology.
The 'Divines' whose works are commented on
are Hooker, Field, Donne, Thomas Fuller, Henry
More, Heinrich, Hackett, Jeremy Taylor, John
Bunyan, John Smith, Bishop Bedell, Baxter,
Leighton, Sherlock, Waterland, Skelton, Andrew
Fuller, Whitaker, Oxley, Davison, Irving, Noble
—a very miscellaneous and ill-matched list; but
affording a variety of intellect and of subject, the
impressions of which on a mind such as that of
Coleridge it is instructive and curious to study.
It ought to be remembered that his notes were
made at very different periods, ranging from Jeremy
Taylor in 1810 to Bunyan in 1833. These volumes
will be perused by thoughtful readers with intense
interest. We ought to add that some of the
'Notes,' as those on Richard Baxter, the first
series, are now published for the first time. Other
occasional new matter appears throughout the
volumes.

*The Roman Wall; an Historical and Topographical
Description of the Barrier of the Lower Isthmus.*

By the Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, M.A. Second
and enlarged edition. Smith.

In the preface to his first edition of this work Mr.
Bruce observed:—"The inhabitants of the Isthmus
are proud of the wall and its associations; and
whatever may have been the case with their fore-
fathers, will not needlessly destroy it." This state-
ment appears to receive something like confirma-
tion in the fact that the former edition was ex-
hausted in a few months. Independent of this,
however, we believe that the love of tradition, of
ballad poetry, and of local legends in the district
of the wall, is as alive as ever, and that it has
tended to preserve that huge monument of the
Roman power in Britain, and that, too, in districts
where stone is scarce,—a circumstance fatal to all
ancient buildings in many parts of England. In
the south, even the fragments of Wayland's Smithy
have, within the memory of man, been broken up
and carted away to make the walls of a barn. In
the preface to this edition Mr. Bruce observes:—
"The richness of the soil in Cumberland has, from
an early date, invited the action of the plough;
and the scarcity of stone in many of its districts
has further contributed to the obliteration of the
stations. Careful inquiry may yet detect some
that have been overlooked. I am disposed to think
that one has stood at Dykesfield, on the eastern
margin of Burgh March, corresponding with the
fort still existing at Drumburgh on its western
side. It is to be hoped that the inquiries which
have already been set on foot will result in the
elucidation of this interesting question." The author
repeats his conviction that the wall was undoubtedly
the work of Hadrian and of no other emperor:—

"Another result of my recent visits to the mural
region, is a thorough conviction of the correctness
of the view maintained in the former edition, that
the lines of the barrier are the scheme of one great
military engineer. The Romans, in the days of
Hadrian, laid their hands broadly and firmly upon
the northern part of England. In doing so, they
did not relinquish the prospect of conquering what
was beyond it. They evidently regarded it as but
a step to that measure; and when Lollius Urbicus
reared the Antonine Wall, he was but carrying out
the plans of Antonine's predecessor. The wall of
Hadrian was not a fence, such as that by which we
prevent the straying of cattle; it was a line of
military operation, similar in its nature to the
works which Wellington raised at Torres Vedras." We
do not like the portrait of Hadrian which
the author has selected for his title-page; the
aspect is anything but imperial, as it resembles
that of a criminal before the bar of public justice.
We do not doubt Mr. Bruce's authority for this
bust; but if really genuine, it must have been
executed not long before the death of Hadrian,
who experienced much physical suffering towards
the close of his reign.

The Morlas. A Poem. By V. Hope and Co.
THIS little poem is descriptive and philosophical,
containing the musings of a meditative man in
tolerably smooth verse. The lonely poet wanders
into a quiet glade, which is pleasantly described,
and there, beside a fountain, moralizes on earth
and man. An ideal teacher is heard in the spirit
of the valley, who gives a variety of counsels in
verse, of which a few lines will serve to show the
style and the metre,—

"I too can muse, and dream away,
'Mid real sights, false thoughts, the day;
Can scan the clouds that o'er me sail
And fancy faces which they veil;
Can hear the winds and branches play
And the still sounds of middle day,
Till from such elements arise
Life, Death, and Fate upon mine eyes;
Spheres far remote around me bend;
Scenes that are not as yet, descend;
And fancy stays her flight, and deems
That truth is born amid her dreams.
"Tis true that Man's unquiet sphere
Of Love and Fame, of Hope and Fear,
Spreads not its influence to this glade,
Where I my mystic home have made.
Those passions fill a moment's space,
They cloud or light a mortal's face;
The form below'd in dust must wane,
The kindly voice too soon is mute;
The heart has turn'd to earth again
Ere half its powers have borne their fruit.
But still that transitory glow
Is all of bright that Man may know;
Those fleeting pangs of pain and strife
Are half his momentary life;
And were my time as brief as thine,
I too should o'er its flight repine,
And learn to shed that tear which lies
Uncall'd-for now within my eyes."

The ideas of the poem are neither very striking nor
original, but they are natural and well-expressed.

*Hungary in 1851; with an Experience of the
Austrian Police.* By C. L. Brace. Bentley.

ALTHOUGH for the present subdued and tranquil,
there is no doubt that Hungary will yet play an
important part in European history. The last
struggle for liberty was only brought to a close by
the interference of Russia with an overwhelming
power. Austria alone could never have reduced
the Hungarians to subjection. It is not difficult to
pronounce on which side were the sympathies of
an American traveller in that conflict. Mr. Loring
Brace travelled through Hungary in 1851, and
though prudently cautious in any expression of
feeling, he was speedily under surveillance, and was
at last put into prison by the Austrian police. He
had seen, however, much of the country, and its
institutions and people, which he has described
with liveliness and spirit. Of the domestic man-
ners of the Hungarians, as well as of their national
feelings and political tendencies, a more trustworthy
and intelligent account has not been presented to
English readers. Of the Hungarian church full
notice is given, and the position of so many millions
of Protestants in Southern Europe will be viewed
with sympathising interest both in England and
America. The author is full of sanguine anticipa-

tions of the deliverance of the oppressed country, and the future greatness of the Magyar nation. The personal misfortunes of Mr. Loring Brace when under the power of the Austrian police, are such as might be anticipated from the present feelings entertained towards all travellers from free countries. Whoever wishes to know the real condition and prospects of Hungary, since the unsuccessful insurrection of 1848-49, ought to read this volume.

Official Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition, 1851. Vol. IV. Supplemental. Spicer Brothers.

By authority of the Royal Commission, this supplementary volume to the 'Official Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition' is now published. In the necessary haste with which that great descriptive work had to be prepared before the close of the Exhibition, it was found impossible to include all the matter at first proposed, and many valuable illustrations still remained unfinished in the hands of the engraver. These are now presented, along with additional descriptive and explanatory matter, together with a copious index to the annotations, and the two Reports of the Commissioners. Among the miscellaneous matter in the appendix, are given the reports of the police, of the fire-brigade, of the sappers and miners, and others connected with the building, which will be read with general curiosity and interest. Not the least curious part of the volume is that in which details are given of the literary labour employed in the preparation of the various catalogues. From this we may afterwards give some extracts, meanwhile merely noticing the appearance of this supplementary volume, in which, with those previously published, a most complete record is furnished of all matters connected not only with the contents of the Crystal Palace, but with the administration and management of the Great Exhibition.

SUMMARY.

Of the new collected edition of *The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.*, the second volume is published, containing the first nine books of the epic romance, *King Arthur*. Of the poem itself it would be unseemly to renew any criticism, and we have only to notice with praise the outward excellence of the new edition. It would be wrong, however, to omit mentioning that the author has made alterations and improvements, in response to 'objections to special lines or stanzas which appeared to be prompted by just criticism.' A prefatory note, supplementary to the original preface, discusses some minor points of alleged peculiarity in the author's style or mannerism. Some of these objections were hardly worth the pains which Sir Edward has taken in their refutation, as in the matter of the use of capital initial letters, and various verbal niceties, respecting which discussion had been raised. The graver objections to the poem arose from its being considered to make too much display of learning, and from its presenting a mixture of classic with gothic imagery and mechanism. Sir Edward is perfectly right in his theory, that an epic cannot be too learned, and his precedents for the admixture of the classic and gothic muse are undeniable, but, we fear, in striving after the propriety he has sacrificed the popularity of his poem. Modern English readers of a poem on such a subject as *King Arthur* are not likely to care for canons of composition or classical precedents. Poetry written for the learned is seldom adapted to the popular taste, but that which is written for the people rarely fails also to please the learned.

Of the popular American tales, *The Wide Wide World*, by Elizabeth Wetherell, another English edition is printed, with a recommendatory preface, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor. The same London publishers, Clarke, Beeton, and Co., have issued an edition of J. Thornton Randolph's pro-slavery tale, *The Cabin and Parlour, or Masters and Slaves*, noticed by us lately (ante, p. 85). Another American reprint is entitled *The Tell-tale, or Sketches of*

Domestic Life in the United States, by H. Trusta and Grace Greenwood. The sketches are lively in their character and style, and will interest English readers. In the series of publications entitled 'Readable Books,' a new *Life of Wellington* is given, being the story of his military and political career; including notices of his death and funeral, and miscellaneous anecdotes not elsewhere brought together. In the same series two American books are given, *The Reveries of a Bachelor*, by I. K. Marvel, and *Pictures of European Capitals*, by William Ware, of Cambridge, U. S., being the substance of lectures delivered in the United States, on the chief features of the great cities of Europe. Rome, Florence, Naples, Paris, and London are the chief cities described, and the author gives lively sketches of the rapid impressions made upon his mind during brief visits to these places in the course of a year's travelling in the Old World. A hasty inspection was not, however, likely to be correct in all points, and many are the blunders which the book contains. Englishmen will be amused on reading that "London is, as a city, in its municipal arrangements, governments, and laws, perhaps the most complete in the world." Mr. Ware was delighted with the "trustworthiness, honesty, and neatness of all arrangements connected with locomotion," cabs and cabmen included; and the cleanliness of London is so great, that "even the air seems swept and sweetened." Some of the remarks are worthy of Jules Janin. "The Englishman never spits; or if he does, he first goes home, shuts himself up in his room, locks his door, argues the necessity of the case,—if necessary, performs the disagreeable duty, and returns to society with a clean conscience." In everything not relating to customs and manners the book is instructive and interesting.

Of educational books, in 'Arnold's School Classics,' the fourth part appears of *Selections from Cicero*, containing the *De finibus malorum et bonorum*, with a preface and English notes, by the Rev. James Beavan, D.D., late Professor of Theology in King's College, Toronto. The latin treatise is very ably edited, and Dr. Beavan's notes are valuable. An index of words, phrases, and subjects is appended. In the same series the *Antigone* of Sophocles is given, with English notes, translated from the German of F. W. Schneewedewin, by the Rev. Henry Browne, Chaplain to the Bishop of Chichester. An historical introduction and analysis of the play, with a table of metres, and a list of rarer expressions and peculiar constructions, increase the value of the work for educational use or for private study. A *School History of England*, made easy for young pupils, by two sisters, teachers at York, is well adapted for the purpose for which it is prepared. All party spirit and prejudice are professedly, and on the whole successfully, avoided. The 'cleverness' and 'wickedness' of Cromwell we suppose must unavoidably appear in a work or class-book for educational use by teachers in the archiepiscopal city of York, and Charles I. must be considered as a saint and a martyr. 'Clever' is a favourite epithet with the authors, William III., Marlborough, Washington, and others, being very clever.

At Edinburgh, a little book is published of considerable artistic and literary merit, *The Drunkard's Progress*, being a series of thirteen views, drawn and engraved by John Adam, with descriptive letter-press by John Bunyan, junior. The evils of intemperance are vividly portrayed both by the pencil and pen in this work. A new edition, the eighth, of *A Treatise on Haberdashery and Hosiery*, by E. E. Perkins, is full of useful information on all matters connected with trade in woollen, linen, silk, Manchester and Scotch goods, and drapery business generally. In the 'Parlour Library,' a new volume contains the Hon. Mrs. Norton's tale, *Stuart of Dunleath*. The publishers repeat, in a prefatory note, the announcement lately made by the public press that there is another Mrs. Norton, an American authoress, not the author of the present volume.

Of Dr. Kitto's *Daily Bible Illustrations*, or original readings on subjects from sacred history, a

new volume contains the narrative of the four Evangelists, arranged and harmonized so as to form a life of the Messiah. The volume is complete in its subject, and may be studied apart from the series of which it forms one. The author has "chiefly followed the order of Dr. White's Greek 'Diatesseron,' with the emendations of Dr. Macbride, compared with the Greek 'Harmony' of Archbishop Newcombe, in the edition of Dr. Knapp, and with due reference to Lightfoot, and to the recent 'Synopsis Evangelica' of Dr. Tischendorf." The results of the learned researches of these writers are ably presented in Dr. Kitto's book, useful and practical comments of his own being introduced into the narrative. Another volume, the eighth, will complete this valuable series of 'Bible Illustrations.' By this work, as well as by his 'Pictorial Bible,' and 'Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature,' Dr. Kitto has rendered good and acceptable service to the students of the Sacred Scriptures. The first part has appeared of a work the preparation of which we formerly announced ('L. G.', 1852, p. 780), *The Chronological Old Testament*. The part contains the whole of the book of Genesis according to the authorized version, the text being divided into paragraphs and sections, with various readings from the Chaldee, Samaritan, Septuagint, Vulgate, and other versions, and critical notes, expository and illustrative. The marginal references are judiciously selected, and the notes are introduced on the margin and between the paragraphs, so as best to elucidate the text. The typography is very superior. To the whole of the work a Synoptical Table of Sacred Chronology is prefixed, and an Introduction to the Book of Genesis is given, as will be done with the several books of the sacred records. The editor shows himself well acquainted with the literature, foreign as well as English, bearing upon his subject; and while presenting the results of philosophical and critical research, he also makes use of the more popular illustrations which modern discoveries and travels have supplied for the elucidation of the geography and history of the Old Testament.

The tenth annual publication of *Thom's Irish Almanack and Official Directory, with the Dublin City and County Directory*, is a volume full of important and authentic information as to the present condition of Ireland. Besides the ordinary matter annually presented in the work, the department of statistics contain a vast body of miscellaneous facts interesting to the general reader. The comparison of the state of Ireland now and a few years back is very favourable in every point, except that of population, the progress in trade, industry, railways, fisheries, education, and other marks of civilization, being encouraging. The only point in the statistical account in which there is great room for improvement is the natural history, which is discussed in three pages, one of which is occupied with "a list of localities where metalliferous indications have been discovered." The zoology is discussed in five lines, two of which relate to the extinct Irish elk; the other three lines containing miscellaneous announcements, such as that "venomous animals are unknown," "whales visit the island occasionally," and "the seas abound with fish, both flat and round"! The botany is also disposed of in five lines. In a work otherwise so copious in its descriptive and statistical matter, a little more learning might be well bestowed on physical geography and natural history. In all the ordinary contents of such publications, 'Thom's Irish Directory' is a model of accuracy and completeness.

A pamphlet on the *British West India Colonies*, by a Resident in the Islands for Thirteen Years, contains various matters worthy of the attention of those who have either political or pecuniary interest in our West India colonies. It is by the daughter of Stephen Bourne, Esq., who was a magistrate in Jamaica at the period of the emancipation of the slaves. Mr. Bourne has written an Introduction and Supplement to the pamphlet, in which important questions connected with slave and free labour are discussed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arnold's Decline and Fall of Rome, Vol. 26, 10s. 6d.
 Barker's (W. B.) Lares and Penates, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 Binney's Is it Possible to make Best of both Worlds, 2s. 6d.
 Bohn's Antiquarian Library, Vol. 19, Paris Chronicles, 5s.
 — Classical Library, Vol. 41, Theocritus, &c., 6s.
 — Illustrated Library, English and Foreign Life, 5s.
 — Scientific Library, Bacon's Novum Organum, 5s.
 — Standard Library, Milton's Christian Doctrine, 3s. 6d.
 Burt's Results of Separate Confinement, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
 Coleridge's (S. T.) Notes on English Divines, 2 vols., 12s.
 Colloquies of Edward Osborne, 2nd edition, 7s. 6d.
 Currey's (Rev. G.) Hulsean Lecture, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Fleming's (Rev. F.) Kaffaria and its Inhabitants, 7s. 6d.
 Gertrude Cameron, A Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.
 Jones's Observations on Diseases and Loss of the Teeth, 5s.
 Kingsmill's (Joseph) Missions and Missionaries, 8vo, 12s.
 Lytton's (Sir E. B.) My Novel, 4 vols. 8vo, £2 2s.
 McLogan's (James) Lectures and Sermons, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
 Melville's (G. T. W.) Digby Grand, 2 vols. p. 8vo, 18s.
 Menzie's (J. M.) Analysis of the History of England, 1s.
 Miller's (Hugh) Old Red Sandstone, 5th edition, 7s. 6d.
 Miracles of Nature and Marvels of Art, 4 vols. 16mo, 4s.
 Monthly Record of Church Missions, Vol. 1, 18mo, 3s. 6d.
 National Library, Pope's Homer, Vol. 2, post 8vo, 2s. 6d.
 Parker's Ten Sermons, 8vo, cloth, 8s.
 Readings for Travellers, No. 3, Franklin's Footsteps, 1s. 6d.
 Saville's (Rev. B. W.) Apostasy, foolscap 8vo, 2s. 6d.
 Smith's Arithmetic and Algebra, crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 Strickland's Queens of England, Vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
 — (Major) Twenty-seven Years in Canada, 2 vols., £1 1s.
 Tennyson's Poems, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 — Princess, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
 Thom's Irish Almanack and Official Directory, 1853, 10s. 6d.
 — 8vo, cloth, 6s. 6d.
 Toussaint's Overture (Life of), by Dr. Beard, 2s. 6d.
 True Stories, by an Old Woman, small 8vo, cloth, 7s.
 Truman's Construction of Artificial Teeth, 2nd ed., 2s. 6d.
 Universal Library, Fontaine's Fables, royal 8vo, sewed, 1s.
 Villette, by Currer Bell, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
 Warburton's Memoirs of Horace Walpole, new ed., 16s.
 Wheeler's Summary of Old and New Testament, 7s. 6d.
 Wide World Wide, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
 — crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.
 Year Book of Facts, 1853, 18mo, cloth, 5s.
 Young's Poetical Works, complete, post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

DISCOVERY OF LETTERS OF CORNEILLE.

Paris, Feb. 1st.

As the 'Great Corneille,' as the French call their principal poet, flourished no further back than two hundred years ago, as he was highly appreciated by his contemporaries, and as he himself well knew his own value, it is natural to think that a whole mass of his manuscripts and correspondence would have been preserved. But, strange to say, all that the French knew themselves to possess of his handwriting were a few small fragments, some lines on the *Cid*, and only half-a-dozen letters. This small stock, however, has just been increased by the discovery of four other letters of the poet, in the collection of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Sainte Geneviève at Paris. These letters were addressed to the Reverend Father Boulard, Deputy-Abbot of the Monastery of St. Geneviève, and are dated from 1652 to 1656. They refer to his translation into verse of the famous 'Imitation of Jesus Christ.' This remarkable work, as many of your readers are aware, is generally ascribed to Thomas à Kempis; but many very learned churchmen and other persons have laboured hard to prove that it was written by John Gerson, at one time Chancellor of the Benedictine order. The rival pretensions raised between à Kempis and Gerson have at different times given rise to fierce controversies; and it may be remembered that only recently you had occasion to announce that a venerable prelate of Belgium had discovered some papers in a monastery which appeared to him to set the question at rest, a supposition in which, however, he has turned out to be most grievously mistaken. Now, at the time Corneille was engaged in his translation of the 'Imitation,' it so happened that the Benedictine monks in France were making most strenuous efforts to secure the honour of the authorship for Gerson; and the monks of Saint Geneviève, on the other hand, were labouring with equal zeal to prove that it belonged exclusively to Thomas à Kempis. When monks encounter monks on such a question as this the "tug of war" is rather fierce; and it was peculiarly so in this case. Indeed, carried away by the heat of the contest, the reverend and learned men entirely forgot the meekness of Christian charity, to which they were professionally bound, and the dignity of learning, which in those days they were the exalted re-

presentatives; and they libelled and abused each other in terms so gross, that they might have raised a blush on the brazen cheek of a fishwoman. To such an extreme length was the unseemly quarrel carried, that the Parliament, or Royal Court of Paris, by a solemn judgment, was obliged to suppress the respective libellous publications; and in doing so, it declared that they contained 'more villainous things and atrocious insults than the most wicked and most insolent scoundrel on earth could have perpetrated.' Corneille, as is known, was a very poor man; and as in his time churchmen were possessed of immense power, he was placed under the necessity of seeking their patronage, and of carefully refraining from offending any of them in the slightest degree. Amongst those who were very gracious to him were the chiefs of the Benedictines and the chiefs of the Genovefains, and both were extremely anxious to get him to declare himself on their side in the great controversy, thinking, naturally, that such an authority would not only have immense weight of itself, but would be virtually decisive if proclaimed in his poetical translation of the 'Imitation.' But as he knew that to decide for the sons of Benedict, would offend the followers of Geneviève, and *vice versa*, he with true Norman shrewdness declined to pronounce for either. This is evident by the extreme caution with which he speaks of the rival claims of à Kempis and Gerson in his 'Address to the Reader' prefixed to the 'Imitation.' It is still more strikingly manifested in the letters just found. It appears from these that the abbot of St. Geneviève took greater pains than his adversaries to seduce him to the Genovefain side, but that he employed flatterers and promises in vain; as the Parliament had declared that it was à Kempis who wrote the book, he, Peter Corneille, accepted the decision; but for himself he would say nothing—such is the burden of his letters. "If I had ostensibly put forward the name of Thomas à Kempis at the head of the book as author, I should have declared myself partial; but as that author tells us that we should always seek peace, I am glad to be able to preserve it with the Benedictine fathers, and to be entitled to tell them that when they shall have a judgment in their favour, I will state it as I have done for you. I was sufficiently fortunate to maintain peace with both opposing parties in the question of grace, and I have endeavoured to do the same thing in the difference now pending between you and the fathers of Saint Benedict." So careful was he not to commit himself in the slightest degree, that one of his letters to the abbot is to tell him that, as he had resolved to place engravings at the head of each chapter of the 'Imitation,' and as he had already got three illustrations in which monks of Saint Benedict figured in their monastic costume, he should be "greatly obliged if he would give him subjects in which he could introduce monks of Saint Geneviève in their ecclesiastical costume also," otherwise, said he, "people in finding three Benedictines will take that for a tacit declaration that I am on their side in the question." G. A.

M. LAURILLARD.

We have to announce with deep regret, and a vivid recollection of his excellent qualities of head and heart, the demise, on the 26th ultimo, of M. C. L. Laurillard, Conservator of the Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy in the Museum of Natural History, at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The name of Laurillard may not be familiar to the majority of our readers, but all those who are engaged or interested in the researches and manifold relations and appliances of comparative anatomy, will associate with his name the brightest and most fruitful period of that beautiful science—that, viz. which has been immortalized by the active labours of the great Cuvier, with whom M. Laurillard was intimately associated as anatomical assistant and draughtsman, whose Museum he was mainly instrumental in forming, and to the care of which he continued to devote his declining years to the last day of his life. M. Laurillard had spent the morn-

ing of the 26th in his usual studies in the Museum, with the intention of passing the evening in the society of Prof. Duvernoy, who, like himself, was a distant relation of Cuvier, but feeling rather unwell at the time M. L. retired early to rest. His servant in the morning found him dead in his bed, his eyes closed, and with every appearance of having passed from life in a tranquil sleep. Although the greater part of the labours of Laurillard were subservient to the illustration of the published works of Cuvier, like those of Clift to Sir Everard Home, he contributed, after the demise of his great relation, more immediately to the advancement of Comparative Anatomy. He took an active share in the posthumous editions of the 'Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée,' and of the 'Ossements Fossiles.' To M. Laurillard is exclusively due the merit of the recent publication of the parts of Cuvier's great work on Anatomy, descriptive of Comparative Myology; and the best 'Eloge' of Cuvier was from the pen of Laurillard.

THOMAS NORRIS, F.R.A.S.

On the 15th of March last, died in retirement at his seat, Howick House, near Preston, Lancashire, at the advanced age of 87, Thomas Norris, Esq., a gentleman well known to connoisseurs in art and science, whose biography escaped our notice at the time of his decease, but whose memory it is not too late to honour. He was born at Croston in the same county, and having received a good provincial education, entered at the age of twenty as book-keeper into the eminent firm of Peel, Yates, and Co., cotton-spinners and calico-printers. Having by his industry and business habits obtained a confidential position in the house, he subsequently became a partner. His services were much valued, and in 1814 the heads of the firm, Sir Robert Peel, father of the great statesman, and Mr. Yates withdrew. The partners now consisted of Messrs. Howarth, Hardman, Norris, and Hamer. Success continued to attend their operations, and in 1821 Mr. Norris retired from the business in possession of a large fortune. As a proof of the high opinion entertained of Mr. Norris's integrity and careful energy, Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Yates each appointed him his executor.

During the leisure afforded him from business Mr. Norris cultivated, by such means as were at his command, a liberal and elegant taste for science and the fine arts; and on his retirement into private life he collected with great discrimination and zeal, pictures, coins, insects, shells, and other objects of natural history. He also indulged his taste in astronomical observations. Within a few years of his death he was in the daily habit of using the transit instruments, equatorial, &c.; he ground and polished glasses and mirrors, constructed microscopes and telescopes, and was constantly occupied sometimes with these, sometimes among his books and cabinets. His judgment in matters of art is sufficiently attested by a large and valuable collection which he formed of pictures of the old masters; and he possessed a vivid discrimination of the specific characters of objects of natural history. His collections of insects and shells were of considerable value, and, including specimens of great rarity, many of which were unique, were much sought after by naturalists for observation and reference. Mr. Norris was a gentleman of very retiring manners, but exceedingly hospitable and kind to those of kindred pursuits who were desirous of profiting by the use of his collections. He was extremely prompt and liberal in his dealings; hence, when any rarity in coins, shells, or insects found its way into the market, he was generally the first to whom it was submitted for sale. Mr. Norris has been known to have given 20l. to 30l. for a beetle, and 50l., and even 70l. for a shell, so keen was his appreciation and estimate of any new or remarkable form among natural objects.

Mr. Norris was well known to, and greatly respected by, the natural history collectors of London. He generally visited the metropolis during the spring season, and his coming was

looked forward to with much interest. He was frequently in the habit of attending the picture sales, and at the sales of miscellaneous specimens of natural history his tall and venerable form often gladdened the eye of the auctioneer. In these periodical visits to London he seldom failed to call in Whitehall-gardens to see 'Robert,' as he would call the renowned son of his former partner in trade; and the great statesman received his visits with peculiar gratification and interest. As an example of Sir Robert Peel's high regard of Mr. Norris he sat to Mr. Linnell for his portrait for him, and it is said that a sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence was the only other instance of the kind ever accorded to. Mr. Norris was extremely benevolent in his charities; and he was a consistent member of the Church of England.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

MR. PANIZZI has been arraigned before the bar of public opinion for his oppressive treatment of the booksellers; and his defence is, they neglect to comply with the Copyright Act,—and are saucy. It is not our intention to enter into the police-office squabbles between Mr. Panizzi and Mr. Bohn, because there are faults on both sides; and when two individuals of the genus *irritable* come to loggerheads, it is not easy to arrive at the real merits of the case. Both have fought manfully for the interests which they profess to represent; and we are much indebted to their animosity for bringing the subject into notice. The magistrate gave the combatants excellent characters for sociability and patriotism, and no bottle-holders could have done more for their men than the respective counsel. It is not so much the officers that are at fault as the law, and to this we shall for the present confine our remarks. The Copyright Act provides that publishers shall present five copies of every work they publish to the five principal public libraries; and in the case of the British Museum, the librarian is empowered to summon before a police magistrate, and fine with costs, without notice, any publisher who may have omitted to do this. A notice of default is sometimes given in general terms, but no information is allowed of the book omitted. It may be all very well to say that the rigour of the law is not exercised except under provocation, but we know that it is. It is not many weeks since a publisher of Charing Cross was summoned to Bow-street, and made to pay a fine and costs, without any previous neglect, for omitting to send some trumpery pamphlet. It is difficult to ascribe these acts of oppression to any other cause than private *pique*, and no servant of the public ought to be entrusted with such powers. It is enough to be called upon to deliver up your property *gratis*, without being punished in a criminal court for an accidental omission. We are summoned for the non-payment of Queen's taxes, but not without being served with at least two previous notices. Besides all this, it may be doubted whether there is not some impropriety in calling upon publishers at all for free copies of their publications. Why should the nation be benefited at the expense of a class? Why should a publisher be called upon to surrender to the public a portion of his stock in trade more than any other shopkeeper? As well call upon the tea-merchant for one in every five hundred chests of tea for the support of the Temperance League. It is as much for the public good that all men should be sober as that all men should be learned. Temperance and knowledge should go hand-in-hand. The law doubtless arose out of an impression that when printing 1000 copies of a work, it is as easy to print 1005. But the law does not apply as easily to all kinds of works. In the case of expensively illustrated works, where every copy costs intrinsically so much per book, the tax bears most unjustly. In such expensive works, for example, as Mr. Gould's 'Birds of Australia,' of which the price is 115*l.*, or the 'Conchologia Iconica,' price 58*l.*, where every copy is the result of separate manipulation, the tax is most unfairly proportioned. We do not know that either of the publishers murmur against contri-

buting in so large a measure to the formation of a national library. We do know, however, that they desire a return for their money in the shape of a Printed Catalogue. A writer in the 'Quarterly' asserts that it is a "physical impossibility," and that "no power of men or money could ever complete one"! We have no such antiquated notions. With resolute business energy, bibliographical skill, and sound practical views, we might have an edition of the Museum Catalogue every seven years; and there are not two more competent hands in the kingdom for the construction of this than the men who have been sparring at Bow-street.

It will be remembered that in 1849, the British Government sent to Central Africa a scientific expedition, consisting of an Englishman, Dr. James Richardson, and two Germans, Drs. Barth and Overweg, the chief object of which was to determine the boundaries of the Lake Tsad, and to conclude commercial treaties with the natives. The travellers, after a stay of several months in the neighbourhood of Tripoli, crossed the great desert, but only two of them reached the place of their destination. Dr. Richardson fell a victim to the climate, but the others, nothing daunted, continued their route. They determined the boundaries of the Tsad, built a boat, hoisted for the first time in that region the British flag, and visited the island situated in the centre of that large inland lake. They moreover proved the disconnection between the Tsad and the river Quorra (Niger), a fact previously much disputed, collected a most valuable mass of geological, philological, historical, and other scientific data, and concluded several treaties of commerce with the aboriginal tribes. According to the latest accounts of this expedition, Drs. Barth and Overweg were staying at Kuka, the capital of the kingdom of Bornu, and seeing so vast a field of inquiry open to them, they sent home a strong wish for scientific assistance. A valuable opportunity for complying with this has presented itself in the person of Dr. Edward Vogel, F.R.S.; and a representation having been made by Mr. Petermann, who planned the expedition, and by the Chevalier Bunsen, backed by Colonel Sabine, Capt. Smyth, and Sir William Hooker, to Lord John Russell, the minister has responded to their request by granting the necessary funds, and by further allowing two sappers and miners to accompany the traveller. Dr. Vogel is well known in scientific circles from his connexion with Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, and by his general labours in astronomy. He is also familiar with terrestrial magnetism, and Colonel Sabine will take care that he is supplied with the best instruments for making magnetic observations. We may add that Dr. Vogel is also a good botanist, and has obtained from Dr. Robert Brown, and Sir William Hooker, the best instructions and instruments to turn his botanical acquirements to account. Dr. Vogel will leave Southampton on the 15th, for Malta and Tripoli, and he hopes to reach Lake Tsad in three months. The expedition will then try to get eastward, in search of the sources of the Nile, and direct their steps thence to the south-east, towards Zanzibar and the Indian Ocean.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the banquet to him at Balliol College, Oxford, last week, gave utterance to a few sentiments on the important subject of University Reform. We say *sentiments*, for they were little more, nor could more be reasonably looked for under the circumstances. According to established etiquette the members for the Universities refrain on such occasions from discoursing on political subjects. Taking advantage of the occasion, Mr. Gladstone proposed to offer a few remarks on a subject of interest to the nation at large, as well as specially to those present at the entertainment,—the legislation and general improvement of the University. The announcement was received with "murmurs of applause" (it ought rather to have been said "murmurs of curiosity") by all present. The learned member gave a rapid sketch of the history of the English Universities in connexion with the general progress and state of national intelligence and education. The strain of this part of the address was altogether

apologetic, the truth being, that the Universities, instead of leading, have always followed long in the rear of the advancing mind of England. Mr. Gladstone accounted for this as plausibly as he could, claiming at the same time for these venerable seats of learning the merit of great improvement in this respect during recent years. He acknowledged also that the time had come for still greater advance and activity, and that "the University of Oxford must endeavour to justify itself in the eyes of the country by making the best use of the means at its disposal for the advancement of education."

"If the University would do its duty in this respect, especially by extending its advantages to more of those classes it now receives, and to as many as may be practicable of other classes, who partake less of its benefits at present, he felt confident that the country and the Parliament of England would maintain its independence, and would only desire that it should continue to put in practice those fundamental principles on which it had ever hitherto worked, of the authoritative inculcation of religious truth, and something like a domestic superintendence of pupils. But the continuance of public confidence depended on the course now pursued by the University."

Meagre as this reference to University Reform is, it was almost too strong for Mr. Gladstone's audience, as the President of the Meeting, Mr. Woolcombe, the Senior Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, in his concluding speech spoke of "the wisdom of our ancestors," and "hoped that Parliament would leave the University alone till a fair trial was given as to what we could do;" and "that the best and safest improvements could only be effected singly in and by the several colleges." The worthy Tutor of Balliol spoke as if the University has had no time for improvement or trial of its willingness to reform in days past. Besides, "the extending the advantages of the Universities to other classes than those now receiving them," is not to be expected by the regulations of single colleges. If the nation at the period of the Reformation had the right to interfere with the vested rights of the Catholic Church, it has the same right to render the Universities more available for the great ends for which these schools of learning were first instituted.

In a Congregation holden at Cambridge this week, among various graces *placed* were some of public interest. The sum of 500*l.*, three per cent. consols, has been offered to the University by several of the friends of the Rev. William Carus, M.A., Canon of Winchester, for instituting a prize for the encouragement of the study of the Greek Testament. The Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Trinity, the Master of St. Catherine's Hall, and three others, have been appointed a syndicate to draw up regulations for the institution of the prize. We are glad of this endowment for the encouragement of a study in which English scholarship has been far outstripped by that of America and of Germany. A syndicate has also been appointed, including the above mentioned names, with Professors Miller, Willis, Stokes, and others, to consider whether any and what steps should be taken for erecting additional lecture-rooms and museums; to report to the Senate before the division of the Easter term, 1853. The same syndicate have charge to consider what steps may be taken for appropriating to the use of the University the site of the old botanic garden, and to confer with the trustees of the garden for this object.

We have this week had a specimen of the extraordinarily severe laws to which the French press is subjected under the present political régime. One of the Paris journals, the 'Journal pour rire,' has been fined the enormous sum of 469,480 francs—that is, eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds English! The offence consisted in the printing of between eight and nine thousand copies in September last without a stamp, the proprietor having fancied that as it was exclusively devoted to caricatures of the manners of the day and of non-political events, and to the occasional publication of amusing articles of a non-political character, it would be allowed to enjoy the exemption from stamp duty appertaining to exclusively literary and scientific periodicals. In support of his pretension he quoted the example of

England, and asserted that his caricatures and sketches were no more political than those of Hogarth and Cruikshank. But the Stamp Office and the Tribunal turned a deaf ear to his representations, and "fined him whilst he prated." Perhaps in so doing they hoped to be agreeable to the present potent ruler of France; as the 'Journal pour rire,' though on its very best behaviour since the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, and therefore not suppressed, has still an immense number of black marks against it, for having, in the days when caricaturing was no crime, made remarkably free with certain not very handsome features, and a certain conspicuous nose.

In a letter in reply to an invitation from Glasgow to visit that city, Mrs. Beecher Stowe states that she is "in feeble health, worn and weary;" but she accepts the invitation. Her letter is dated the 14th December. She says, "I am now putting through the press another work, a 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' containing all the facts and documents which confirm the story; truth, darker and sadder, and more painful to write than the fiction was. I shall call heaven and earth to witness to the deeds which have been done here! Alas that I should do it. Should God spare my life till April, I trust to mingle prayers and Christian affection with the Christians of Scotland."

At Oxford the site of the new Museum of Science is decided on, in the parks adjacent to Wadham College. This college has an honourable place in literary recollections of the history of English science. It was in its rooms, under the presidency of Dr. Wilkins, Warden of Wadham, that the first meetings of the scientific men were held, which afterwards gave rise to the Royal Society. An interesting account of these early meetings at Oxford will be found in Bishop Sprat's 'History of the Royal Society,' with the names of those who co-operated with Wilkins, Boyle, Hook, Wren, and the other founders of the great scientific institute of England.

An 'important if true' piece of news reaches us from Italy—namely, that an Italian astronomer, named Pompilio de Cuppis, has practically discovered that the moon has an atmosphere—he having clearly observed the refraction of a star's rays on the passage of the moon. Details of the alleged discovery have been submitted to Father Secchi, Director of the Observatory at Rome, and we await his decision before going into them.

The Hunterian Oration is to be delivered at the Theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons, on Monday next, at three o'clock, by Mr. Bransby Cooper, F.R.C.S.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 3rd.—Col. Sabine, R.A. Treasurer, in the chair. It was announced that the late Rev. C. Turner, F.R.S., had bequeathed to the Royal Society his very valuable and interesting collection of memorials and relics of Sir Isaac Newton, with 200l. to complete the collection. A letter from Baron Humboldt to the Earl of Rosse was read, thanking the Society for the Copley Medal which was awarded to him, and expressing the great pleasure which the award gave him. The following paper was read: 'On the Eclipses of Agathocles, Thales, and Xerxes,' by G. B. Airy, Esq., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal. The author, after remarking that the calculations of distant eclipses made in the last century possess little value, proceeds to give the successive steps of improvement in the lunar theory as applicable to the computation of eclipses, and especially in the motion of the moon's node. The first great improvement was the introduction, by Laplace, of terms expressing a progressive change in the mean secular motions. With Bürg's tables, in which these changes were introduced, or with the same elements, Mr. Francis Baily and M. Otmanns computed many eclipses in the search for that usually called the eclipse of Thales, and both these astronomers fixed upon the eclipse of B.C. 610, September 30, as the only one which could be reconciled with the account of Herodotus. Mr. Baily, however, subjoined a computation of the eclipse of Agathocles

from the same elements, and found that this could not by any means be reconciled with the historical account: he inferred from this that some serious change in the theory is necessary, and that when it was introduced the eclipse of B.C. 610 might not be found to agree with history; but he thought it certain that no other eclipse could be adopted. The various values of the motion of the node adopted by different writers from different observations, (principally total or annular eclipses) are then collected. Allusion is then made to the peculiar value of the eclipse of Stiklastad (brought to notice by Professor Hansteen), and which will be increased when the calculations shall have been made on unexceptional elements. The author then adverts to the great reduction of the Greenwich Observations from 1750 to 1830, to Hansen's new inequalities, and to the numerical amounts of corrections of the principal elements. Then are given the co-efficients of the change in secular value of mean motion of the moon's perigee, and of the moon's node, as found by Laplace, Damoiseau, Plana, and Hansen; the principal change made by the latter writers from Laplace's values being in the motion of perigee. The method of computation adopted by the author is then explained. He adopts the Greenwich mean motions and Damoiseau's coefficients for progressive change of secular mean motion. He then repeats the calculation with an arbitrary change of longitude of node, considering that, from the loose nature of the early Greenwich observations, this element is most likely to be in error, and that its errors will produce the greatest effect. The author then discusses the account of the eclipse of Agathocles, B.C. 310, August 15. Adopting Alhowareah (under Cape Bon) as his landing place in Africa, he states his belief that Agathocles sailed northward from Syracuse, (a conjecture which he owes in the first instance to J. W. Bosanquet, Esq.), and was not far from the Straits of Messina. On the usual supposition of his sailing to the south, he would be near Cape Passaro. On making the calculation with the Greenwich elements unvaried, it is found that the eclipse would be total on the southern possible place of Agathocles, but not on the northern. The calculation being repeated with an arbitrary change in the place of the node, a graphical construction is employed to discover the numerical amount of the changes that must be made to satisfy the four following conditions:—1. The northern edge of the shadow touches the south station; 2. The northern edge touches the north station; 3. The southern edge touches the south station; 4. The southern edge touches the north station. If the south station be adopted the change must lie between those of conditions 1 and 3; if the north, the change must lie between those of 2 and 4. The numerical values must be slightly increased for application to a more distant eclipse, as to that of Thales. The eclipse of Thales is then considered. There appears to be no reason for connecting the locality (as Mr. Baily supposed) with the river Halys. The historical circumstances indicate with great probability that two large armies had met; and the question appears to be, In what part of Asia Minor is it likely that such bodies of troops would be collected. The author adverts to the form and passes of the mountains, and decides that the Median army entered, most probably, by the Pass of Issus, or possibly by that of Melitene, and that the battle-field might be anywhere in the space bounded by the Melitene, Issus, Iconium, Sardes, and Ancyra. On calculating the eclipses which occurred for many years before and after A.D. 600, it appears that only the eclipse of B.C. 585, May 28, answers to the requisite conditions, and that it does so in a most satisfactory way. [This is the date adopted by the principal ancient chronologists: it would seem that it was first verified, by calculations founded on good elements, by J. R. Hind, Esq., during the preparation of this paper.] The path of the shadow which is most agreeable to the military and geographical circumstances is one which implies a correction to the Greenwich elements corresponding to that which would make the eclipse of Agathocles nearly central over the northern station, and

excludes the possibility of his passing by the southern route. The author then adverts to the principal remaining causes of uncertainty in these conclusions, and points out the values of progressive change in the secular mean motions as peculiarly deserving investigation. Allusion is then made to a record in the Persian poetical history, preserved by Sir John Malcolm, which appears to point to a total eclipse as occurring under similar circumstances in the province of Mazenderan. It appears, however, on calculation that no total eclipse passed over Mazenderan, at least for many years about the time in question. The author then calls attention to the statement of Herodotus, that something like a total solar eclipse occurred when Xerxes was setting out from Sardes for his invasion of Greece. On calculation, it appears impossible to explain this by a solar eclipse; and moreover the peculiar turn of the answer of the Magi to the inquiries of Xerxes would seem to be irreconcilable with a solar eclipse. The author thinks it most likely that the phenomenon really was the total eclipse of the moon which occurred on the morning of B.C. 479, March 14. If this were adopted the date of the invasion of Greece must be brought down one year later than that given by the received chronology.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Jan. 24th.—Sir Roderick Murchison, President, in the chair.—James G. Price, Esq., and Lieutenant J. W. Pike, R.N., were admitted Fellows. Among those elected were R. T. Gore, M.D., of Bath; R. Newton Hayward, Captain J. H. Lefroy, R.A.; James Loch, Joseph Reynolds, Albert Robinson, B. H. Stronbury, and George Ward, Esqrs. The papers read were:—1. "Ascent of the Upper Nile, by Mr. Brun-Rollet, of Savoy," as communicated by the Chevalier Negri Cristoforo, of the Foreign Office of Sardinia, and Corresponding Member of the Society. This paper contained a learned analysis, by Mr. J. Macqueen, of the journey of the two Bery, sent to the King of Kuenda, including an account of the tribes met with on the borders of the river, and a geographical description of the countries visited. 2. The second paper read was, "A Notice of a Journey across Africa from Zanzibar to Angola," lately performed by a caravan of traders, and communicated by Consul Brand through the Foreign Office, coupled with "Remarks upon this Journey," by Mr. W. D. Cooley, and accompanied by a map. "On the 3rd inst., three Moors arrived at Benguela, accompanied by a caravan of forty carriers, who were conducting ivory and slaves to exchange for merchandise. These bold travellers, who had come from the Coast of Zanzibar, crossed the African Continent from east to west, and state that having got into the interior and bartered away in succession all the goods which they had provided, having exchanged them for the above articles, they then found it difficult to retrace their steps from the want of articles to trade with, and resolved on proceeding on their journey, in the hopes of meeting with such articles as they had been told they would find further inland, in exchange for ivory. Effectively in the Catanga country, they came in sight of the Major of Bihe, who was journeying to Benguela with his followers, and who, having persuaded them to accompany him, arrived here as above stated. Anxious to procure information respecting this interesting journey, Mr. de Castro had an interview, and learned what follows. (One of them, named Abdel, who had as a pilot frequented the coasts of India, being a native of Surrate, and his parents of Muscat, said that, entering into partnership with another Moor, called Nassolo, they agreed to go to the Island of Zanzibar, where the three of them in company resolved on trading on the continent. For this end they went to Bocanois, a native town of Zanzibar, where white men are met with who can write, and who go there to trade. They there obtained carriers to take their goods, and commenced their excursion, exchanging them in succession for ivory and slaves, till they arrived here, which they did only six months after their departure from the Eastern coast, having during

this period suffered some privations and the loss of three persons. The places which they describe as having visited are the following:—From Bocamois, they went to the Giramo lands; then from Cuto they proceeded to Segora, where they traversed high mountains as far as Goge. From this point to Mimbo, they travelled fifteen days without meeting any habitations, and being in want of water they afterwards went on to Garganta, and there took a guide, who conducted them to Muga, where the country abounds in cattle. They afterwards came to Nugigi, and were stopped by Lake Tangana, and forced to construct a boat, in which they crossed the lake. This voyage took them a day and a night; they went on shore at Marungo, the inhabitants of which place are in the habit of filing their teeth. From this they proceeded to Cazembe, where one of the Moors—a native of Muscat, by name Said Gerad—remained with two Mulattos to guard the ivory, which they left at this place, while the rest of the party went on to Catango, where they had the good luck to meet with Major Coimbra's men, with whom they came to Cahava by the Macacoma road, along the course of the Leambege, which appears to be the Cambeis, which runs down to Quillemane. They passed through the towns of Cabita and Bunda, remarking that through the latter flows the river Langueundo, a tributary of the Leambege. From this place they proceeded to Luanga, Bihé, and Benguela, whence they intended soon to return to their native land, following the same route." Mr. Cooley remarked that this narrative affords a very striking and important confirmation of his map. With respect to the bearing and latitude of Monomozei, and of the details of the interior generally, he had little guidance; and yet it appears that the route of *rapid* travellers from Zanzibar to Marora, and thence by Gungo, Umbu, and Ujihi to the Cazembe, when traced on his map, forms nearly a *straight line*, whence it may be inferred that the map is tolerably correct. The Cazembe's town (Lucenda) being but seven good marches (90 or 100 miles) from Moiro Anchinto ($10^{\circ} 20' 35''$ S.), where Lacerda observed both for latitude and longitude, cannot be far wrong. This route entered Monomozei, (Umbu) in about lat. 8° S.; Uranga, also in Monomozei, and further south, and probably extends to the 10th parallel. The tribes of the western side of the lake are represented on the map as they stood in the time of Lacerda's expedition (1798-9). But from Major Monteiro, who commanded the expedition of 1831, we learn that, previous to that date, the Aueмба had dispossessed the Movira ('Inner Africa,' p. 144). And now the narrative before us seems to prove that the migration of the Aueмба was followed, as might be expected, by a general movement of the tribes. The Musocuma went southward into the country abandoned by their neighbours, as far, perhaps, as the banks of the New Zambeze. The Movira probably sought refuge north of that river in the dominions of their ally the Cazembe; while the Manguro intruders from the S.E. into the Movira country, were driven further northward in the general circulation, and took the place of the Musocuma on the shores of the lake. The names Tanga and Catanga he supposes to have been moved with the Movira to the northern side of the New Zambeze. It seems certain that our travellers went southward from the Cazembe to Catanga and Cahava. Had they gone westward, they must have passed through Lobale; besides, it was from Cahava that the road went to the Musocuma on the Luambegi (Zambeze). This circuit in their route may be ascribed to the extensive marshes S.W. of Lucenda ('Inner Africa,' p. 41). The reason assigned for the journey of the Mohammedan adventurers to the eastern coast is, that by the time they reached the Cazembe, they had expended all their goods, or all that was suited for the current traffic, and so having no means of returning, they advanced. *This is manifestly a very lame story*: as they left some of their party in Lucenda to collect ivory, it is obvious that they intended to return eastward. There exists no natural foundation for a trade between the opposite coasts, which have the same

wants and like productions. *The truth appears to be, that they laid out their goods in the purchase of slaves, the best market for whom they found to be on the west coast.* The ivory, on the other hand, was destined for the east coast, the chief market for it being in India and China. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact of their not taking the direct road westward by the Lualaba; for in the mountainous district (Lobale) about that river, provisions are all imported and extremely dear, and consequently that district, which is the best for the general merchant, who obtains in it the cash of the country, salt and copper, must be avoided by the slave-dealers. It seems possible that with a little effort it may not be yet too late to obtain a full account of the whole journey to Benguela and back again from the Surat Arab, either in Zanzibar or India. He may be supposed to have stayed a couple of months in Benguela. On his return to Lucenda, two or three months would be little enough to spend in higgling for ivory. His descent from the Lake to the sea coast with the caravan would take four months at the least. Altogether, it is *highly improbable* that his return from Benguela to Zanzibar could be effected in less than a year. Every trade in Africa is slow and dilatory, except the slave-trade, which moves rapidly, because so long as a slave is kept he must be fed. Now a letter to Zanzibar, addressed to Captain Hamerton, or to Mohammed ibn Khandis (secretary and interpreter to his Highness Seid Said), might arrive in six weeks if sent through Aden by one who could reckon on the co-operation of Captain Haines and the East India Company. 3. Mr. Petermann next described the latest routes followed by Drs. Barth and Overweg in Central Africa, upon a large map prepared for the occasion; and the Chevalier Bunsen having expressed his sincere hope that Dr. Vogel would very soon be directed to join the Expedition on Lake Tsad, as astronomer and botanist, the President adjourned the meeting to the 14th inst.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 1st.—James Simpson, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'On the Pneumatics of Mines,' by Mr. Joshua Richardson, M. Inst. C.E. The author, after showing and lamenting the discrepancy existing among the various systems of ventilation, which might be traced to the want of good formulæ for the necessary calculations, strengthened his position by the evidence given in the Reports of the Parliamentary Committees, and of that at South Shields, in 1843. He then explained the usual modes of calculation, and demonstrated that many more points required to be considered than were ordinarily admitted to bear on the question, and that no sound basis of calculation could be formed on any one of the various elements, but that the whole must be carefully considered, after having examined each element in detail. The chemical constitution and properties of atmospheric air were then considered, its uses in the animal economy, its adulteration by deleterious gases, and the compensating action provided by nature for restoring it to its primitive purity. The principles of combustion were then defined, and calculations were given for determining the amount of atmospheric air required for supporting combustion and animal respiration, and for compensating for the amount of deterioration by perspiration. The several quantities of air, practically required in mines for the healthful support of men and horses, were carefully shown, with the modes of calculating, allowing for the distance the air must travel. Then followed the analysis of the deleterious gases existing in mines; the fire-damp, choke-damp, and after-damp,—with the quantity of atmospheric air required to dilute these vapours, so as to render them innocuous, or to promote such ample ventilation as to sweep them away from the galleries of the mines. A clear description was then given of the 'Eudiometer,' and of the method of using it, to discover the quantity of oxygen, and the percentage of carburetted hydrogen, or other gases, contained in the air of any part of a mine. The

solution of chlorine in water, determining the quantity of hydro-carbonate—or fire-damp present; that of green sulphate of iron, impregnated with nitrous gas, the relative quantity of oxygen, and that of lime water (or better, caustic potassa, or baryta) the relative admixture of carbonic acid. The absolute necessity for diluting the fire-damp with at least thirty times its volume of atmospheric air, and forcing it out of the mine with rapidity, was insisted on, and examples given of explosions occurring apparently from the most opposite causes; still, however, traceable to the same source,—a deficiency of ventilation. The diagram of Dr. Clanny's clever analysis of fire-damp was then given and reasoned on; and the precautions to be observed on entering a mine, after an explosion, were detailed at length, as more men were generally killed by the after-damp than by the explosion itself. The calculations were then given for determining, from the previous data, the quantity of air actually required in mines, taking into consideration the number of men, horses, and lights, the presence of deleterious gases, the increased temperature, the difference of barometric pressure, and the length of the galleries through which the air coursed. The results were shown in tabular forms, and simple rules were deduced for determining the quantities required, under all circumstances of varying per centage of deleterious gases, &c. The amount given by these rules might appear large, but when compared with the tabular statement of the quantity of air actually passing through twenty-four of the principal mines in Great Britain, it was shown to be below that allowed for the best, and even those had not been entirely free from accidental explosions. The results of the investigation appeared to demonstrate the possibility of determining the quantity of air required in mines under all circumstances, basing the calculations on the premises demonstrated in the introduction, and using the simple rules, whose results corresponded, in a remarkable degree with the best practical observations; and a hope was expressed that the great simplicity and applicability of the rules would recommend them to notice and experiment, until time, by establishing their trustworthiness, should induce their general adoption. The discussion of the Paper was adjourned until the meeting of Tuesday, February 8th, when the whole evening would be devoted to the subject.—At the monthly ballot, the following Candidates were duly elected:—Messrs. B. Burleigh, J. Evans, D. Forbes, J. Jay, A. Prentice, and J. Trickett, as Associates.

HORTICULTURAL.—Jan. 18th.—W. W. Salmon, Esq., in the chair.—The subjects of special exhibition on this occasion were, "hardy winter-flowering plants" (cut flowers), "English grapes," and the "best and most varied salad." The only set of hardy winter flowers exhibited (besides one from the Society's garden) came from the Hon. W. F. Strangways's seat in Dorsetshire; and mild as the season has everywhere been, we think the following names of plants which it contained will be read with interest. Foremost among them were the Mexican *Fuchsia cordata*, beautifully coloured; the New Zealand *Pittosporum Tobira*, the Japan *Epimedium macranthum*, *Pernettya mucronata*, *Yuccas* still in flower, *Edwardsia macrophylla*, *Symphytum officinale*; Hellebores, Primroses, Anemones, Hydrangeas, Hyacinths, Laurustinus, *Salvia fulgens*, *Epacris grandiflora*, *Rhododendron nobleanum*, *Mesembryanthemums*, *Arbutuses*, the large trumpet-flowered *Brugmansia sanguinea*, the winter Aconite, Crocuses, and Snowdrops, from the large-blossomed *Galanthus plicatus*. The Banksian medal was awarded them.—The best grapes came from the Duke of Sutherland; to whom a Banksian medal was awarded for good bunches of Muscat of Alexandria, black Barbarossa, and the white Tokay, which Mr. Szamos, a Hungarian gentleman well acquainted with Tokay, and present at the meeting, pronounced to be the true sort. The berries were plump, fresh, and beau-

tiful, showing it to be a better keeper than the Muscat of Alexandria, which was shrivelled. A box of the last-named grape, for which a Certificate of Merit was awarded, was produced by Mrs. Oddie. The Duke of Bedford sent bunches of black Hamburg, grown in 1852, and a small bunch, this year's produce, quite ripe and well coloured, from vines which were started, we believe, in September last.—Two excellent salads, quite equal to anything that could be obtained in the Paris market, were furnished—one by the Duke of Sutherland, and the other by Earl Stanhope. The first had blanched chicory, Batavian and other endive, watercresses, white and red turnip radishes, Wood's early frame mustard and cress, American cress, Normandy cress (a large-leaved kind, different from that usually so named), corn salad, a brace of Sion House cucumbers, Malta and Hammersmith cabbage lettuces, beet, burnet, chervil, and celery. Earl Stanhope sent beet, celery, radishes, corn salad, curled and Batavian endive, mustard and cress, American cress, blanched chicory, watercresses, tarragon, winter onions, burnet, and chervil. These two salads were very nearly equal in merit; and, therefore, the first prize (a Banksian medal) was awarded to the Earl, and the second (a Certificate of Merit) to the Duke.—A new Dendrobe was contributed by Mr. Venn. Its flowers were white, like orange blossom, and almost as sweet scented.—Of other plants, Messrs. Veitch sent the new Neigherry Hill *Sonerila orbicularis*, grown in less heat, and therefore better coloured than the specimen previously shown from the Society's garden; and managed in this way, it is a very ornamental plant.—A fine specimen of the Brazilian *Amayllis (Hippeastrum) aulica* was communicated by Mr. F. Newdigate, for which a certificate was awarded.—From the garden of the Society came plants of the *Selago distans*, a most useful winter flower; *Echeveria retusa*, a capital winter-flowering hardy greenhouse succulent, which also makes a good window plant. The cut flowers included *Jasminum nudiflorum*, one of the gayest hardy shrubs we have at this season; *Lonicera fragrantissima*, a pretty evergreen bush, and sweet-scented; *Heliborus olympicus* and *odoris*, which are flowering now, while the common Christmas rose is past; and a variety of *Lawsonia* called *stricta*, which, in addition to blossoms, had also a crop of beautiful blue fruit; common single red Camellia, which grows and flowers every year well behind a north wall in the garden. The garden also contributed a large and varied salad, consisting of *Chicorée fine d'Élé* and *sauvage améliorée*, *Scarole à fleur blanche*, lettuce, *mâche d'Italie*, very succulent and tender, and certainly the best of all the corn salads; *mâche ronde*, Picridium, *céleri court hâtif* and *gros violet de Tours*, early white winter radish, Castelnau beet, not very good; Sutton's fine dark red beet, anything but "fine;" Atkins's crimson-red beet, a poor sort; mustard and cress, Normandy cress, American cress, burnet, French sorrel, common garden sorrel, broad-leaved sorrel, and *Oseille de Belleville*, which is the best of all the sorrels, being more fleshy, and not nearly so coarse as the common garden kinds; chervil, and Deptford onion, making in all twenty-four varieties belonging to sixteen species.

STATISTICAL.—Jan. 17th.—Lord Overstone, President, in the chair. H. Mann and J. Lodge, Esqs., were elected Fellows. "On the Principles which ought to regulate a just and equitable Income-Tax," by Dr. Farr.—The author commenced by stating the leading principles upon which an equitable income-tax might be based. He defined the terms "value" and "produce," and showed that "income" was as much produce as the proceeds of a farm or any other concern; that anything which yields produce is property, and that consequently all free labourers and professional men were property. This he designated "inherent" property, and all other property in his possession "external" property. He then defined the term "profit," showing that it was not merely the produce, minus the current expenses, but was

the difference between what was ordinarily termed profit and the wages of industry, &c. The interest of capital he resolved into two elements, the profit and the premium of assurance against loss; thus, assuming that 3 per cent. is the prevailing rate of interest, and that the foreign Governments cannot generally borrow money for less than 5 per cent., the difference, 2 per cent., is the premium to cover the risks of loss; no constant relation existed between the value of property and produce, but in a series of years a steady relation is found to obtain between property and profit. The public income of the country was in the ratio of 2l. per head on the population; the income-tax formed one-tenth of the public revenue, or 4s. per head. The State, out of its revenues, has to fulfil all its engagements with the public creditor, to protect national honour, life, and property, maintain its own existence, promote religion, education, science, culture, and art, redress violations of the law of nations, secure its immortality, and transmit its life, as well as its glories, to new nations;—therefore, every member of the community should contribute every year to the public expenditure in proportion to the amount of property in his possession during the year, which was in accordance with the well-known maxim of Adam Smith, "That every subject ought to contribute towards the support of his Government in proportion to his respective ability." But the fact is, that the incomes of the different classes of the community are the produce of different kinds of property, and a uniform tax on this produce is neither proportional to their profit, property, or ability, as will be seen by the subjoined statement:—

	Property.	Income.
A. has	£33,333 in Consols.....	1,000
B. ...	6,500 ... Long Annuities.....	1,000
C. ...	15,000 ... Houses.....	1,000
D. ...	30,000 ... Land in England.....	1,000
E. ...	18,000 ... Land in Ireland.....	1,000
F. ...	10,000 ... Life Annuities.....	1,000

It is evident that with such an inequality of value for purposes of sale, the tax should be levied in the same ratio, and not as if the values were equal; and the author considered that the indignation of the intelligent classes of the community was not directed against the amount, or the principle of an equitable property-tax, but against the injustice of its assessment; and this view he supported by historical allusions. A just distribution of the taxation of the country over all classes, and over all the property of the country, bearing, like the pressure of the atmosphere, equally on all sides, will present an irresistible barrier against anarchical inroads on the rents of land, or the interest of money, and, while it leaves the industry of the nation free, will, on the firm ground of public credit, rest on an everlasting foundation. The paper was an elaborate one, and contained mathematical formulæ, by which simple tables could be computed for determining and taxing nearly all the property in the country.—A protracted discussion ensued, in which Mr. Babbage, Mr. Holt Mackenzie, Mr. Jellicoe, Dr. Trueman, Mr. Grove, Mr. Venables, the Chairman, and Dr. Guy, bore the chief part, and it was adjourned to the next meeting.

ANTIQUARIES.—Jan. 27th.—Capt. Smyth, V. P., in the chair. Mr. H. Porter Smith was admitted, and Messrs. L. Jewitt and Lewis Powell were elected Fellows. Mr. Tuke exhibited a copy of the sepulchral brass of Joanna Lady Cobham, taken by a new process, of which he is the discoverer. Mr. Saull communicated a note from a friend in the North of England, correcting the reading of the runic inscription found in St. Paul's Churchyard last year. Mr. Ellison exhibited, by the hands of Mr. Bruce, a small bronze figure of a man, discovered at Lincoln. The figure was in the costume of the 15th century, and in some respects resembled one which the Secretary again laid on the table, exhibited by Sir Woodbine Parish, to the Society some time since. The latter was clearly the figure of a Doge with the horned cap, but it does not appear for what purpose these figures were manufactured, though they probably formed portions of

some ornamental railing or screen-work. A letter addressed to the President by Mr. Wise, her Majesty's Minister at Athens, giving an account of the recent hurricane in Attica, was next read. The letter stated that on the night of the 26th October the storm broke over the plain of Attica and its vicinity. There had been no indication of this visitation beyond a rapid fall of the barometer. The wind commenced in the evening, and by nine o'clock had attained its utmost violence, blowing from S.S.W., and being accompanied by showers of rain. Scarcely a house in Athens escaped injury, and the shipping in the Piræus suffered considerably, a Greek corvette being driven on shore at Salamis. The storm was felt as far as Eubœa, and in the plain and neighbourhood of Marathon. Among the Cyclades it was but slightly felt. No storm of equal violence had been experienced at Athens for many years, and had it been of longer duration the most precious architectural remains of this remarkable and time-honoured city could not have escaped. The storm appears to have been rotatory. Three of the pillars of the Erechtheum had been prostrated, and the pillar of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius had shared the same fate. A draft of the present position of the fallen pillars accompanied this communication. Mr. Foss then read a notice of the Lineage of Sir Thomas More. The "non celebri sed honesta natus" in this great man's epitaph appeared plainly to point to a humble origin, and this had led Mr. Foss into a curious inquiry. The biographers of More had thrown no light on the subject, but inquiries had satisfied the writer of this notice that John More, first pincerna or butler, afterwards the steward, and eventually the reader of Lincoln's Inn, was the grandfather of the Chancellor, and that John More the younger, who was also, for a period, butler in the same inn, was the Chancellor's father, and afterwards the Judge.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The ninth ordinary meeting of this Society took place on Wednesday evening. General Sir Charles Pasley, K.C.B., in the chair. The Secretary read a communication from Mr. R. Smith, of Blackford, on photography, explaining his method of employing the chemical agency of light in dyeing cotton, woollen, and other similar fabrics, and exhibited specimens of cloth dyed by this new process, which presented a moderately bright orange or yellow colour, though it was stated the experiment had been made on a dark day in December. Mr. H. Wilkinson then read a paper "On Recent Improvements in Rifles," &c. He explained the peculiarities of the several descriptions of fire-arms which had been in use during the last three centuries, from the old match-lock, the wheel-lock, the flint-lock, down to the percussion and the Prussian needle-gun, and showed, by means of specimens of the various arms to which he alluded, their defects. He also explained the advantages of the rifle over the smooth barrel, and of the elongated over the spherical ball. The Minié invention, the only new thing about which was an iron cup, introduced for the purpose of expanding the bullet, and tightening it to the grooves of the barrel, he considered defective, and he had turned his attention to the subject with the view of inventing an English bullet which should be as effective, and free from the objections of that we had borrowed from our neighbours. The bullet he proposed, and specimens of which he laid before the meeting, was elongated, and had two necks at the lower end, which, being of a smaller diameter than the rest, was consequently weaker, and in the process of ramming was driven down, forcing the metal of the intervening fillet into the rifle grooves. This improved ball could be loaded with greater rapidity than the Minié and other rifle balls, and in experiments which had been made with it at Woolwich had been extremely successful. A paper was then read on Winiwarter and Gersheim's patent "Gun Primers," and composition for fire-arms, by Mr. Winiwarter of Vienna. This patent composition consists of amorphous phosphorus, sulphuret of antimony, and binoxide

of lead, the whole being cemented together by means of a solution of gun-cotton or collodion. The patent percussion primers are manufactured in various shapes, to suit the different purposes to which they are applied; the composition is moulded into any required form, dried, and then covered with a film of varnish and bronze powder. Thus, in fact, the whole of the pellet, whatever may be its shape, is entirely formed of the detonating material, and the use of the ordinary copper cap is wholly dispensed with; whilst, in consequence of the peculiar nature of collodion, and its insolubility in water, the very material employed to combine together the different components of the composition acts as a waterproof varnish, at the same time binding them together and protecting them from the action of moisture.

MICROSCOPICAL.—Jan. 26th.—G. Jackson, Esq., in the chair. A paper was read from the Rev. W. Smith, 'On the Stellate Bodies called Sporangia found in some Fresh-water Algae.' The author doubted if these bodies, which he proposed to call Asteridies, could be regarded as Sporangia. Among other reasons which led him to doubt these being true sporangia were, the absence of conjugation between the cells in which they are formed, and the presence with them of large masses of endochrome, which was always absorbed during the development of the sporangia. In opposition to the view of Mr. Shadbolt, who had first described them, Mr. Smith regarded them rather as parasites than as any natural product of the plant. He had seen similar bodies in Desmidiæ; and Mr. West exhibited two drawings in which they were represented as occurring in *Achnanthes longipes* and *Pleurosigma Balticum*. At the close of the paper Mr. Shadbolt said, that he questioned whether the bodies described by Mr. Smith were the same as he saw. He never found but one of the bodies which he had described in a single cell, and they always occurred in cells after conjugation. They passed through precisely the same changes as those which had been observed in the Zoospores.—A paper was then read by Prof. Quekett, 'On the Occurrence of a Fungus and Crystals in the Heart of an Oak Tree.' The Professor stated, that whilst dining with a picnic party under the King Oak in Marlborough Forest, a bough suddenly gave way and fell to the ground. No indications of decay were observed on the outside of the fallen branch, but in the centre the wood was damper than usual. On examining the wood under the microscope, the woody fibres were found to be softer and more easily separable than usual; and in gaps which had been formed between the fibres were found the mycelium and spores of a minute fungus, the species of which the author could not make out. The fungus fibres were accompanied by prismatic and tubular crystals of an irregular form—probably of some salt of lime. The fungus was of a different character to that which attacked timber, constituting dry rot. No external wound was observed to account for the way in which the spores of the fungus had obtained access to the tree.

R. S. OF LITERATURE.—Feb. 2nd.—Sir John Dorant, V.P., in the chair. The Rev. Churchill Babington, of St. John's College, Cambridge, gave an interesting account of the orations of Hyperides, which he has been lately engaged in editing. Mr. Babington stated that in 1847, Mr. Harris of Alexandria discovered at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, three fragments of a Greek papyrus, one of which contained a part of an oration of Hyperides against Demosthenes, charging him with having accepted a bribe. These were edited first in Germany, and subsequently in England by Mr. Babington; the editors in both countries agreeing that the fragments were parts of different orations. About the same time Mr. Arden was travelling in Egypt, and obtained from the Arabs another papyrus, which has been committed to Mr. Babington's care, and which is now executed in *fac simile*, and ready to be published. This papyrus contains one complete oration of Hyperides in favour of Euxenippus,

and fifteen columns of another. The oration in favour of Euxenippus is interesting as relating to a dispute about some lands granted by Philip of Macedon to the Athenians after the battle of Cheronæa. There is a good deal of historical matter in it, and some notices of the silver mines of Laurium. The style is perspicuous, and the Greek very elegant, and there are some words in it of very rare occurrence. The date of the fragments of the oration for Lycophon is ascertained within a short period by the mention of the name of Dioxippus the pugilist, who contended in the presence of Alexander the Great, in B.C. 326, and who probably left Europe about B.C. 334. It is probable that the date of this oration was about the same time. It contains some interesting notices of the government of the Island of Lemnos.

KILKENNY ARCHEOLOGICAL.—Jan. 5th.—The fourth Annual Meeting of this Society was held in the Assembly Rooms, Tholsel, on Wednesday, the Marquis of Ormonde in the chair. Ten new members were proposed and admitted. The Rev. James Graves, on the part of the Committee, then proceeded to read the Report for the year 1852, by which it appeared that a hundred and eleven new members had been added to the Society since its last annual meeting. It was stated that the special fund for the reparation of the venerable Abbey of Jerpoint progressed favourably; and a series of extracts from letters from persons evincing a deep interest in the work, and enclosing subscriptions for it, were read. The Treasurer's accounts were submitted to the meeting; and the election of officers for 1853 was then proceeded with. Mr. Graves, on the part of Mr. H. F. Hare, gave notice of moving at the next meeting that the title of the Society be changed to 'The Kilkenny and South Leinster Archaeological Society,' together with some other verbal alterations in the rules, and also that an additional rule be adopted. The presentations included some interesting articles. Amongst the objects exhibited was a richly illuminated MS. catalogue of the sepulchral brasses in the neighbourhood of Oxford, exhibited by the compiler, Edward H. Paget, Esq., St. John's College, Oxford, one of the new Members. The following are the titles of the papers read to the meeting:—'On the Architectural Remains at Aghaviller, including one of the ancient Round Towers,' by Mr. O'Neill; 'On an Ancient Cemetery at Ballymacus, County Cork,' by Mr. Windell; 'On the Augustinian Abbey of Ballybeg, and other antiquities neighbouring Buttevant,' by Mr. Brash; and 'On Tullachs, Places of Sepulture,' by Mr. O'Daly. The papers by Messrs. O'Neill and Windell containing views on the subject of the origin of the round towers different from those given by Dr. Petrie, the Rev. J. Graves and Dr. Cane intimated their coincidence with the views of Dr. Petrie, and consequently their dissent from those of Mr. Windell and Mr. O'Neill.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Jan. 25th.—Dr. Gray, Vice-President in the chair. The Secretary read a letter from Mr. L. Fraser, H. M. Vice-Consul at Whidah, written from Clarence, Fernando Po, and addressed to Mr. Cuming. It contained some notice of the existence of a large quadrumanous animal in the interior, called by the natives *Tap-par-po-har*, which is supposed by them to be a Chimpanzee, but which is considered by Mr. Fraser to be most probably a *Cynocephalus*. Mr. Fraser has not yet succeeded in obtaining a specimen. He describes two new birds obtained in June or July last, at Fernando Po, under the names of *Bubo poensis*, and *Buceros poensis*. M. Deshayes read a paper on the animals of *Canostrea*, *Clementia*, and *Glaucome*, and in the course of it he took occasion to describe fourteen new species of the genus *Macra*, and two of *Clementia*. Dr. Gray read a paper on the division of the stenobranchiate gasteropodous Mollusca, in which he made use of the characters afforded by the mouth, which he considers establishes the distinction of two great groups in a much more natural manner than the presence or absence of a siphon in the mantle, and to be more consistent with the habits of the animals, and much

less liable to exceptions. The character upon which Dr. Gray chiefly relies, is the form, disposition, and number of the teeth on the lingual membrane.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Jan. 24th.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—J. O. Westwood, Esq., President, in the chair. The result of the ballots showed that E. Newman, W. W. Saunders, A. F. Sheppard, and S. Waring, Esqs., were elected into the Council in the room of F. Smith, H. T. Stainton, J. J. Weir, and W. Yarell, Esqs.; and that the following were elected to the respective offices for the ensuing year:—Edward Newman, F.L.S., Z.S., &c., President; S. Stevens, Esq., F.L.S., Treasurer; and J.W. Douglas and W. Wing, Esqs., Joint Secretaries. The President announced that the Council had received three Essays in competition for the prize of 5l. offered by the Society for the best Essay upon the duration of life in the males, queen, and workers of the honey-bee, and that they had awarded the prize to Mr. Desborough, of Stamford, who proved to be the author of the best of the three.

MUSICAL INSTITUTE.—Jan. 29th.—Mr. Lucas in the chair. Mr. Wyndham Harding, of Wimbledon Park, was admitted a Fellow. A paper, 'On the Influence of Music on the Structure of English Verse,' was read by the author, the Rev. Mr. Nicolay, in which he traced the connexion between the two arts from the days of the bards, when all poetry was chanted or sung, to the present time; arguing that till the great master, Chaucer, burst the trammels which had previously pent up the flow of verse, the accent and rhythm of English poetry were mainly controlled by that of national tunes—an influence which, in some degree, it still maintained. A selection of vocal music, which had been alluded to in the course of the lecture, was then performed by some of the professional members of the Institute.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hoffmann on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Entomological, 8 p.m.
 — British Architects, 8 p.m.
 — Chemical, 8 p.m.
 — London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Dr. Lyon Playfair, on Industry and Science.)
 — School of Mines.—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Tuesday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Thomas Wharton Jones, Esq., F.R.S., on Animal Physiology.)
 — Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.
 — Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(The Discussion of Mr. Richardson's Paper on the Pneumatics of Mines.)
 — Zoological, 9 p.m.
 — Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(I. Dr. Camps, on the Zend-Avesta; 2. Dr. Grotefend, on some Assyrian and Babylonian Cylinders.)
 — School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Wednesday.—Royal Institution, 4 p.m.—(Dr. A. W. Hoffmann, on Organic Chemistry.)
 — Graphic, 8 p.m.
 — Pharmaceutical, 8½ p.m.
 — Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(Robert Dunn, Esq., Some Observations on the Varying Forms of the Human Cranium considered in Relation to the Outward Circumstances, Social State, and Intellectual Condition of Man.)
 — Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
 — Archaeological Association, 8½ p.m.
 — School of Mines.—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Thursday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(John Phillips, Esq., F.R.S., on the General Principles of Geology.)
 — Royal, 8½ p.m.—(Colonel Sabine, on the Non-periodic Variations in the Temperature of Toronto, Upper Canada.)
 — Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
 — London Institution, 7 p.m.—(Mr. W. B. Belfield, on Music.)
 — School of Mines.—(Chemistry, 11 a.m.)—(Mineralogy, 1 p.m.)—(Geology, 3 p.m.)
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(J. Tyndall, Esq., on the Influence of Material Aggregation upon the Manifestations of Force.)
 — Astronomical, 3 p.m.—(Anniversary.)
 — Philological, 8 p.m.
 — School of Mines.—(Metallurgy, 11 a.m.)—(Natural History, 1 p.m.)—(Mining, 3 p.m.)
Saturday.—Royal Institution, 3 p.m.—(Professor A. Williamson, on the Philosophy of Chemistry.)
 — Medical, 8 p.m.
 — Royal Botanic, 4 p.m.
 — Musical Institute, 8½ p.m.

FINE ARTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS.

(Second Notice.)

OF the three contributions by Turner which adorn this year's collection, two have already been mentioned in our previous notice. The third is named *On the Washburn, under Folly Hall* (223), and is no unworthy representative of one stage of the artist's style. Several pictorial effects, kept so strictly in conformity with the appearances of nature as to excite little wonder when we see them depicted, yet not always so keenly remarked or faithfully rendered as here, are to be observed in this sketch. The central groups of wood, which rise out of the valley amidst golden gleams of light, and throw back the distant hills—the brook wandering down out of the middle distance into the foreground, and further contributing to the outseizing depth of the little landscape—the graceful and varied curves of the tree stems, and the aerial perspective, are so many instances of the guiding principles of Turner's art. They furnish the key to his larger compositions, and illustrate the workings of a mind which excelled as much in the delineations of the highest flights of the imagination as in this simple sketch of English scenery.

Among the most aspiring landscapes in the collection is one by Mr. J. Martin, called *O'er the Moors among the Heather* (194), which depicts certainly not the moors and heaths of Scotland, wherever else its original may exist in nature. It would be absurd to deny to this composition those merits which are identified with the name of the painter, and which have rendered his conceptions more popular than those of any living artist among the masses, who are carried away by a powerful exhibition of imagination, by a splendour of images and ideas, which are never poor, mean, or scanty, and sometimes rise to the very height of the sublime in art. But nature has set her bounds and landmarks, beyond which the imaginative faculty cannot venture—laws which it violates at its peril—limits within which it may range immeasurably, but beyond which it instantly fails. In the present view, the combination of distant mountains, splendid as it is abstractedly, is so manifestly unreal and impossible, so geologically speaking, an untruth, that the mind at once resents such a representation of a Highland moor. Ararat, or the Hindoo Caucasus, or the kingdom of Nepal, may furnish such a group of peaks and elevated valleys, but not the temperate and homely regions of Caledonia. The vegetation also has a fairy-like sparkle and brilliancy of colour, far different from that of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood.—In the *View from North Devon* (249), again, not the Mediterranean itself, surely not the Bristol Channel, can furnish such a blue sea, which, if deep and dark, is certainly not beautiful, because untrue; the figures at the same time are romantically, not to say poetically placed in the right spot to indicate vastness and solitude, whilst the coast line is nobly spread out, and at last terminates the view with a finely wrought expression of distance.

A finished drawing in oils, by Mr. John Wilson, Jun., *A Fresh Breeze off the South Coast* (134), is a study which has perhaps been repeated often enough for the purposes of exhibition, but must always attract attention for its artistic composition and careful painting. The best authorities, and a select taste, though suggestive rather of art than nature, preside over these productions. *Mount Orgueil Castle, Jersey* (184), by the same artist, presents a variety, but is of less striking merit.

The Lake of Ota (224), by Mr. G. S. Hering, exhibits a wide scale of colour, from the gay blue sea and pink sky to the dark shades on the left. The due gradation of these cold and warm tints was difficult, and has not been altogether successful, giving the spectator the idea of a combination of two different times of the day, and states of the air, in one picture.

Venice (229), by William Linton, though many may consider it crude and harsh, possesses a depth and richness of tone, and a fine impasto style of

treatment, which recommends it strongly to the lover of painting.

Two drawings by Lake Price, *The Plaza de Zocodover, Toledo* (215), and *The Bridge at Burgos* (230), in the peculiar style of the artist, are among the most interesting records in the exhibition of foreign scenery, the very life of which they would seem to portray.

Mr. Alfred Clint appears with a view *Near Poole, Dorsetshire* (214), a district which would seem to offer few recommendations, were such a combination of purple, green, and blue, to be met with in its vicinity. But we think nature has been now misrepresented quite often enough in these hot productions of dazzling and uneasy colour. The air is generally too full of moist exhalations to permit so much brilliancy on the South coast, except in autumn, when a sober tint is spread over the purpling heaths, and harmony is completed by patches of brown fern and green furze bushes.

Workworth Castle, Northumberland (237), by Edward Richardson, is a drawing remarkable for its fine rich tone, and at the same time for truth and fidelity of expression.

Mr. Jutsum exhibits an instance of beautiful painting in his seductive, but somewhat effeminate style in *Fishing Huts on the Berwickshire Coast* (263), factitious in colour, and artful in effects, but still firmly and fairly painted.

A Study (264), by Mr. Ford Maddox Brown, represents the face of an infant, treated with extraordinary boldness and force, an artistic and striking production.

Mr. T. M. Richardson, in a sketch, *Glen Deg, Aberdeenshire* (279), unfinished, from nature, shows a great degree of power and success in treating masses of colour, grey rock, and mountain fern; in breadth and richness of colour highly successful.

Southend—Mouth of the Thames (280), by W. A. Knell, is gracefully arranged and pleasingly treated.

Mr. William Oliver has contributed several specimens of foreign scenery. *At Bayonne* (12) is in the gay brilliant tone which the climate sometimes affords, and were the colour more condensed into masses, less broken up and scattered, the effect would be faultless. As it is, a seasoning of hot pepper is no unjust simile for the result produced by the specky distribution of red and other warm tints. *At Skelwith Bridge, Westmoreland* (162), suffers from the same inflection.

Besides the drawings already mentioned of Mr. John Callow, we have another, entitled, *Repairing a Ship in Port* (167), a beautiful study, both as to the grace of form, and also as to light and shade and colour, the latter being very artificially introduced and disposed. Neither the subject nor the effects treated are new in character, but though often repeated they are always pleasing.

Amongst those specimens which seem to bear unmistakable relation to daguerreotype or photographic originals, we notice the painting called *Sketch of my Partner* (141), by J. G. Naish, which would appear to be a study in oils from a likeness: combining great force of expression, arising from powerful light and shade, with firm and delicate painting. The drawing called *A bit of Florence* (8), by Robert McInnes, remarkable for its clear and bold outlines, irresistibly reminds the spectator of the same process. The former artist, Mr. J. G. Naish, has also contributed another painting of very great taste to the exhibition, which does not at first sight betray so marked an affinity to the photographic camera. *School Friendship* (51) represents two young girls, of different styles of beauty, standing in an attitude of contrast, with an air, at the same time, of the most natural ease, in all the blooming and immature charms of that particular age. If this indeed be an experiment, founded on a daguerreotype portrait-group, it must be considered highly successful.

Two sketches, by Mr. A. Davis Cooper, of heads (76) are also striking, the lower figure being particularly pleasing in colour and arrangement. A head also by Mr. Thos. G. Marshall, called *Crochet* (173*), attracts the eye by its pleasing yet evidently faithful portraiture.

Mr. Cattermole has also enriched the exhibition

by two spirited drawings in the dramatic style peculiar to him, the subjects being both from *Macbeth* (47 and 59).

The drawing called *Scenery of West Somerset* (18), by Samuel Palmer, affords a full and interesting subject, but is a little too crowded and finished, for the simplicity of nature; and Mr. Mapstone's *On the Moors, South Devon* (103), though an exhibition of warm colour, wants character, as relative to the peculiar scene. A view by Mr. C. Pearson, *Mill on the Avran, near Dolgelly* (63), most artistically disposed, conveys a similar idea of being made up for effect, partly from memory, or from imagination.

Of Mr. McKewan's drawings, the *Sketch in Addington Park, Surrey* (117), is beautifully varied, and treated with a breadth and feeling for nature which he has seldom surpassed; *Richmond, Yorkshire* (75), is another excellent view, though not in the same scale of perfection as the former.

Mr. Alfred Montague has also contributed various paintings, of which the *Sunny Morning at Dord* (142) is eminent for its cool and sweet colour, its animated scenery, and bright light. *On the Coast of Scheveling* (200) is another view of the same class, where the Dutch school of art has been studied, but not imitated.

Near Capel Curig, N. Wales (170), by Mr. J. H. D'Egville, should be noticed also for its bold study of rocks, unfinished, yet bearing all the freshness and truth of nature on its surface. Mr. C. Taylor's *On the Medway* (178), is also an artistic sketch. *The Storm on the Var* (164), by Mr. Harry J. Johnson, is not only of an unnaturally blue colour, but the features of the scene have been too indiscriminately lost in a haze of mist, which produces obscurity without the awe that such a scene should inspire.

Mr. Boddington's active pencil is again productive: *A Pond in Burnham Beeches* (102) is among a favourite class of subjects: *A Welsh Lane* (91) is a fine airy scene: and *A Sketch from Nature* (183) is in the same scale of excellence.

Zeitter's group, *Pleasure Boats on the Danube* (190), is of unusual force and clearness.

Mr. Sidney Corner's imitations of Turner (95 and 181) must attract notice, but their success is not so eminent as to offer much encouragement to such attempts in general. The want of good drawing destroys the foundation upon which so much startling colour has been superinduced.

Several dramatic scenes sketched by Kenny Meadows will also be noticed. The scene (62) where Newton is abstractedly stopping his tobacco-pipe with a lady's finger, carries an interest in its subject which is not borne out by the gloomy features of the philosopher. Newton's portrait is traditionally known to us, and should have been better preserved. It will be remembered that the story has been figured already in Bentley's Miscellany, by George Cruikshank. *No Song—no Sugar* (92) is also in the artist's peculiar manner, sketchy and unfinished as to extremities, but plainly, too plainly, telling its story. The smallness of the figure of the dog is out of all proportion. Lastly, a *Scene from Othello* (119) is a fair rendering of the passage, but theatrical and forced, as all this artist's compositions are. Othello's face, moreover, is rather Greek in character than Moorish.

Many excellent drawings we have been compelled to pass over in silence, heartily commending the gallery to the lovers of art, inasmuch as the names mentioned are a guarantee for its general merits, and we are glad to welcome the first exhibition of the year with, on the whole, so much sincere satisfaction.

The Prize Treatise on the Fine Arts Section of the Great Exhibition of 1851. By Henry Weekes, A.R.A. Vizetelly and Co.

If there be truth in the old adage that every workman is an authority in his own craft, then no slight share of attention should be bestowed on the opinions of Mr. Weekes 'On Sculpture and its Kindred Arts.' Of the accomplishments of the

writer, and his knowledge of the subject with which he deals, there can be no two opinions—it is only the method in which they are conveyed that the reader feels anxious to learn. We find, from the preface, that this essay, having been written during the time of the Exhibition, was submitted in competition for the gold medal awarded by the Society of Arts, who, after having detained the manuscript for nearly six months, at length voted it the successful one. This delay, which it is difficult to imagine altogether necessary, must be injurious to the sale of the present book. The great mass of readers are wearied with critiques upon the Exhibition. Connoisseurs have long ago made up their minds as to the comparative merits of the sculptures. Artists have new arenas of contest to look forward to. Yet with all the disadvantages of foregone conclusions and sated curiosity, we think that in many quarters an interest will be felt in what Mr. Weekes has to say as a critic, no less than as an expositor of the principles and processes of sculpture and other ornamental arts. In an opening chapter of a few pages the origin of the fine arts is treated of; in a second a sketch is given of modern British art: and with respect to these we need scarcely say that the limits of the treatise permit no more than the most cursory glance at both these rather extensive spaces of history. Original observation is scattered through the chapters, but not of a very profound kind, or showing much research. The succeeding chapter, that on 'Sculpture,' is much more valuable: the artist is here at home; he expatiates fully and with great variety on the guiding principles of the art; and the results of a long and thoughtful experience are unfolded to the reader, with illustrations drawn from the statuary exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The passages treating of lines and forms as expressing certain appropriate meanings in sculpture, are especially important. The value of this chapter, which constitutes the kernel of the whole treatise, would have been perfectly appreciated could it have been consulted when the collection itself was open. Even now, the remarks on the well-known works of Foley, Bailey, McDowell, Bell, Wyatt, Thomas, Watson and others amongst the English, Power and Stephenson amongst the Americans, Kiss, Rauch, and Müller from Germany, Du Seigneur Lechesne, Pradier, Debay, and Etéy from France, the Italians Fraccasoli, Strazza, and San Giorgio, the Belgian Geefs, Fraikin, and Jaquet, and on M. Jerichau, the Dane, are abundantly interesting. Only in the crowded Milanese room the author, as he tells us, fairly lost his temper, partly from the dense crowd, partly also from the factitious and tricky display of inferior works, to which the multitude rushed in indiscriminating ignorance; and the room is designated, somewhat broadly, a "sink of art-iniquity." More calm reason and less restless indignation would here have better suited the writer's purpose. We then have chapters on the materials and processes, of no less practical value; and two concluding chapters on ornamental art generally, and on stained glass, are full of important hints. As we have already said, it is in the practical experience which here displays itself that the strength of Mr. Weekes's treatise lies; whilst the sincerity of his devotion to the interests of art, the liberal spirit in which he would raise the popular taste up to the artist's standard, and the outspoken freedom of his views, carry a weight which is sometimes denied to the best arrangement of subject, the profoundest erudition, and the most studied and polished style of writing. It is a contribution to our art-literature that we welcome with much pleasure.

MUSIC.

MADAME PLEYEL'S CONCERT, on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms, was a brilliant commencement of the musical season. The quartett of Mendelssohn, in B minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, was given with fine effect, Madame Pleyel performing with unusual excellence, and being ably supported by Messrs.

Sainton, Clementi, and Piatti. A sonata of Beethoven (Op. 23), in F., was also admirably played, M. Sainton taking the violin accompaniment. With these classical pieces there were also given *fantasias* of Liszt and Thalberg, the illustrations of the Prophète, and the Tarantella of the former, and the Don Pasquale of the latter, compositions well adapted for the display of rapid and accurate execution, in which Madame Pleyel excels. The concert was relieved by vocal music, Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam and Miss Alleyne giving some ballads, Madame Doria an air from Lucrezia Borgia, and Mr. Weiss the scene, 'I'm a roamer,' from Mendelssohn's comic operetta. Mr. Frank Mori was the accompanist of the vocal performers. Madame Pleyel has confirmed all the high ideas formed last season of her remarkable power and taste as a pianiste. She is, we understand, about to make a professional tour in the provinces. Miss Fitzwilliam was enquired in a new ballet, by Mr. Frank Mori, 'Twas on a Sunday morning,' which she sang with much sweetness. The warm recognition of the merit of her singing, by such an audience as was assembled at Madame Pleyel's concert, was highly encouraging to a vocalist whose ability and taste ensure her becoming a favourite at such entertainments.

On Monday evening Mr. STERNDAL BENNETT commenced his annual series of classical musical soirées. Some of Mendelssohn's works were admirably given, and Mr. Bennett introduced as usual several of his own able compositions. Mendelssohn's Trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, was given by Mr. Bennett, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, in a style with which the most critical musicians must have been delighted. A beautiful vocal composition of Beethoven, and a piece by Mendelssohn, were sung by Mrs. Enderssohn, the latter of which was warmly enquired.

THE MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS, conducted by Mr. Ella, at Willis's Rooms, commence this evening, the programme promising a rich treat of the finest classical music, and artistes of distinguished name being announced—Molique, Melhon, Geoffrie, Webb, and Piatti. M. C. Hallé is the pianoforte soloist of the evening. Herr Pauer and Mlle. Claus are to perform on two of the four evenings of this series of concerts.

At the Sacred Harmonic, on Wednesday next, is to be performed Mendelssohn's Lobgesang, or Hymn of Praise, and Mozart's Requiem, the chief vocalists Miss L. Pyne, Miss M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Lawler.

M. Alexander Billet's fourth series of annual performances of classical music commences at the Hanover-square Rooms on the 19th.

Mr. Perry's concert takes place in Store-street Music Hall on Tuesday the 8th.

At the meeting of the Harmonic Union at Exeter Hall, on Feb. 21, Handel's *Messiah* is to be performed, the principal vocalists being Mrs. Sims Reeves, Miss Dolby, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Phillips.

Duprez is writing a three-act opera for the Opéra Comique at Paris, the principal part in which is destined for his daughter.

It is stated that the Duke of Saxe Coburg's new opera, *Toni*, will be first represented at Hamburg.

THE DRAMA.

AFTER the representation of a slight one-act piece on Monday, at the St. JAMES'S theatre, which served chiefly to introduce to us Mlle. E. Fleury, a sprightly and agreeable actress, new to these boards, the real business of the season commenced with the performance of *Un Monsieur qui suit les Femmes*, the hero being performed by M. Ravel, of the Palais Royal theatre, his first appearance in London for some years. M. Ravel, who is an especial favourite with his own audience, is the very perfection of broad farce actors. With no parade of personal peculiarities, no outrageous absurdity of costume, no monstrous wigs, and no reckless expenditure of the means of producing comic effects, he has such a command of all sorts of oddities, both in expression and manner, such a perception of the ludicrous, and such a strong conception of

humorous character, that he possesses unflinching power over the risible faculties of his audience, at the same time that he displays so much judgment and control of his faculties, that the finished artist is recognised in everything that he says and does. There is a neatness in his acting that is not surpassed by Mr. Charles Mathews, and a whimsicality that Mr. Buckstone, in his drollest humour, does not exceed. In the piece above named, his character is that of a clerk in a public office, who employs his leisure in seeking *bonnes fortunes* among the fair frequenters of the Tuileries gardens. In the first act he makes several futile attempts, and in the course of them acquires the knowledge of various secrets, which he afterwards turns to account; but eventually encounters a lady, extremely well personated by Mlle. Lambert, whose characteristics are self-possession and grace of manner, who has spirit enough to punish his ridiculous advances by inviting him to dine with her; and the first act ends with their departing together. In the second act they arrive at the house of the lady, who introduces him to her husband and her friends as "a gentleman whom she does not know," and the adventure of the morning being recounted the laugh runs completely against him, the more to his annoyance, since he finds present, in the person of a niece of his host, a young lady to whom he is really attached. Left alone, he is further discomfited by meeting the lady's maid, with whom also he had been philandering in the morning, and whom he terrifies into giving him all the information she possesses about the family amongst whom he is thus uncomfortably thrown. Armed with a secret, he is able, on the return of the party, of each of whom he knows some scandal, to claim the young lady's hand openly of her relations, and by an adroit use of the knowledge he possesses to obtain their assent to the marriage. Throughout all this M. Ravel was admirable. His flighty, fidgety manner, his grotesque dance after any one he wishes to follow, his absurd modes of endeavouring to cause attention, his embarrassments, his changes of manner, and lastly, the coolness and adroitness with which he conveys to the different persons his knowledge of their secrets, showed, not merely the broad farceur, but the finished actor. M. Ravel afterwards performed with equal success in a slight but amusing one-act piece called *York*, in which he obtains the entrance to a house by means of saving a pet dog of that name from drowning, and is embarrassed by having mistaken a young married woman for an old widow.

Mr. Mitchell's company appears strong in second and third-rate artists, but is marred by the absence of any actress capable of sustaining leading parts, and so dividing the attention of the public with so eminent a comic actor as M. Ravel; we learn, however, from our Paris correspondent, that he is busy in the French metropolis making engagements, and has already secured some actors and actresses of note.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cologne, Jan. 31st.

You will no doubt have received information of the indictment for high treason which is hanging over the head of Professor Gervinus, the famous literary historian. You will also have learnt that the said dreadful accusation is founded upon a small pamphlet which Professor Gervinus thought proper to publish, and which is entitled 'Introduction to a History of the Nineteenth Century,' which book has, immediately after its publication, been impounded, and the whole edition is now held in durance vile for the double purpose of serving as a cloud of witnesses against the author, while, at the same time, the arrest of the edition prevents the spreading abroad of those dangerous, treasonable, and incendiary principles, which, it must be assumed, the Heidelberg professor sought to promulgate in his pamphlet. Now, in spite of the vigilance of the united policemen of the various German States, I have no doubt that a few copies of the revolutionary publication I mentioned have found their way to England, and any one who is curious on such subjects will have no trouble in procuring

the book. But although the buyer's trouble may be small, his astonishment, I am sure, will be great when he peruses the work, and looks for the dangerous, revolutionary, and incendiary doctrines. Nothing of the kind will he find! The 'Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century' is, simply, one of the heaviest books that was ever turned out of the study of a German professor. Do not mistake my meaning. A man of Professor Gervinus's learning, acumen, elegance, and genius, must always write well on almost any subject; and I doubt not but that his 'Introduction' might amuse and instruct a careful and attentive reader, especially if that reader take an interest in the author. But for the mass of readers the book is *caviare*. It wants illustration, animation; it wants those strong terms which to the many convey the sensation of sincerity, and that impassioned declamation which the vulgar mistake for power. Professor Gervinus is not a demagogue, and he can never be an agitator. Consequently, a work which is not written for the masses, cannot be dangerous, and much less incendiary. Who is it to incense? Not the deep scholars of Mr. Gervinus's stamp. Not the men of refined tastes and delicate nerves, to whom he addresses himself, and who alone can read such a work. As to revolutionary and treasonable sentiments, I for one have not found any. The author does, indeed, throughout the 'Introduction' attempt to prove that the fulness of the time progresses in the direction of federal republics. The idea is preposterous, but certainly not treasonable. But German princely susceptibilities are more lynx-eyed than your correspondent; and some hidden treason has been found in the book, and the author summoned to appear at Heidelberg, and receive judgment. Professor Gervinus was at the time at Berlin; but the moment he was informed of the proceedings which had been taken against him, he set off for Heidelberg, as Regulus went to Rome, and Luther to Worms, magnanimously bent upon self-destruction. The Frankfort papers have proclaimed his safe arrival in that city; and by this time the poor Professor is doubtless in the hands of a couple of Inquisitors, backed by a posse of policemen and gendarmes. I have no doubt your readers will wish him a speedy deliverance.

Our papers contain a very romantic story from Berlin. The King of Prussia, who through all his changes has always remained true to his enthusiasm for, and his protection of, the plastic arts, was lately induced to visit the atelier of Herr Hartung, a young sculptor, and pupil of the famous Professor Rudel of Paris. His Majesty inspected a symbolical group, representing the confluence of the Rhine and of the Moselle, but he was most struck with the beauty of another work representing *Philoctetes on the Island of Lemnos*. In the course of the conversation the artist remarked that he had a side-piece to *Philoctetes*, but since its existence was a secret he could not show it unless his Majesty were to please to issue his positive command. The King's curiosity being excited, his Majesty was so pleased, and the sculptor produced a figure of *Napoleon on St. Helena*, exquisitely modelled in red wax. Of course the King was delighted, and so strong were his expressions of satisfaction, that the artist thus encouraged set out for Paris that very day, to submit his model to Louis Napoleon, the man who of all others is likely to take the most vivid interest in anything and everything connected with the Emperor. Need I add that Herr Hartung met with a brilliant reception at the Tuileries, that his *Napoleon on St. Helena* was justly admired, and that he received an order to execute the model in stone?

Ira Aldridge, the negro actor, who has lately produced such a sensation at Berlin in the part of *Othello*, has left that city for Hamburg. You may expect his arrival in London, when he will doubtless put all the pseudo-Uncle Toms to shame, and assert his rights as a prince of the blacks, for such he pretends to be.

VARIETIES.

Jacobite Airs.—A correspondent questions the objection urged in our last week's notice of Mr. Jerrold's new play to the introduction of the air 'Charlie is my Darling,' as an anachronism. "If Jerrold," he says, "is wrong about 'Charlie is my Darling,' Walter Scott was so too. It is introduced into the early part of *Waverley*, so could not have arisen 'out of the 45,'—and I would take that ghost's word for a thousand songs." We have not succeeded in finding the passage in *Waverley*, but no such conclusion can be drawn from it, as the story of *Waverley* commences in 1745. If our correspondent is not sworn to follow his "ghost," we refer him for further information to Hogg's 'Jacobite Relics,' and Johnson's 'Musical Museum.' He will find we are right.

Prices of Pictures.—At the sale of the late Mr. De Winton's effects, by Mr. Alexander, which took place lately at the residence, Royal York-crescent, three pictures by Müller fetched in the aggregate 885*l.*, being 760*l.* more than the sum originally paid for them by the late Mr. De Winton, who purchased them during the painter's lifetime for 125*l.* They were *Lake Albano*, bought by W. H. G. Langton, Esq., M.P., for 380*l.*; *Peasants on the Rhine*, by Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, for 350*l.*; and *Pandy Mill*, purchased by Mr. Raught, of London, for 155*l.* The picture of *Repose* (a child sleeping), painted by Rothwell for Mr. De Winton, for 40*l.*, sold also to Mr. Raught for 70*l.*; and Mr. Harill was the purchaser of the *Vandyke* for 41*l.* Mr. Langton was the purchaser of *Wetter Horn*, by Danby, for 33*l.* The Wilson was bought for 44*l.*, and the two Loughtenburghs for 52*l.*; the former by R. Robinson, Esq., and the latter by S. V. Hare, Esq. Many of the smaller pictures fetched equally good prices.—*Bristol Times*.

Colonial Penny Postage.—On Tuesday, the 8th of February, a meeting will be held at the Society of Arts, when a short paper will be read, and a discussion invited, on the propositions of the Postage Association. A large number of members of parliament and gentlemen connected with the commercial interest are expected to attend. A local committee, which will consist of gentlemen of the highest standing in the city of London, is now in course of formation, to assist the council of the Association in its labours. The names of all the members will shortly be published; but we may mention, in the meantime, that the following gentlemen have already agreed to join the committee: Baron Lionel Rothschild, M.P., George Moffatt, Esq., M.P., T. A. Mitchell, Esq., M.P., Samuel Gurney, Jun., Esq., Thomas Hankey, Jun., Esq., Governor of the Bank of England, T. H. Brooking, Esq., Ingram Travers, Esq., and J. D. Powles, Esq.—*Journal of Society of Arts*.

St. David's College.—The late Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Brunswick-square, has left by bequest a sum of about 6,000*l.* for the purpose of founding a Professorship of the Physical Sciences in this College. From a considerable number of candidates the Principal and Professors have elected to the office the Rev. Joseph Matthews, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, whose recommendations are of a very high character. With this handsome bequest Mr. Phillips closed a series of munificent donations which for some years have testified his interest in the colleges of the Principality. To his generosity it has been indebted for the enlargement of the library by the addition of more than 22,000 volumes, including among them many works of costly price and high literary value. A few years before his death he also conveyed to St. David's College, by deed of gift, the sum of 4,800*l.*, to found six scholarships for the benefit of the natives of Wales and Monmouthshire.—*Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Puzzlepen.—We are obliged to this correspondent, as an old contributor, but his communications are not suited to our Journal in its present form. His paper is left for him in the Office.

R. A. Magdalen Coll.—S. A.—A New Subscriber—received.

G. M. Z.—Next week.

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